CHINESE HEROES

ISAAC T. HEADLAND

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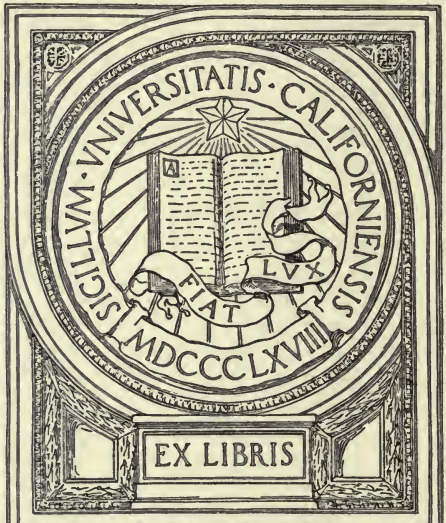

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The Mission Compound and University Campus in process of reconstruction (1902), as seen from the City Wall, at the Hata Gate, Peking

CHINESE HEROES

GANCELLED
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BEING A RECORD OF
PERSECUTIONS ENDURED
BY NATIVE CHRISTIANS

IN THE BOXER UPRISING

BY

ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND

Author of "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," "The Chinese Boy and Girl," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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PREFACE

MUCH has been written of the sufferings of foreigners in the recent Boxer uprising and correspondingly little of the conduct of the Chinese Christians. At a recent meeting of the North China Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church it was decided to inquire minutely into the persecutions from the standpoint of the natives, in the belief that a more adequate understanding of their heroism would be a stimulant to the faith of the Church.

A committee was therefore appointed, and the native pastors were requested to gather up and forward reports of such cases as might be considered representative of the persecutions as a whole. To these reports were added such incidents in the lives of certain of the members as would contribute to a proper estimate of their character, and thus enable the reader to see the persecutions in their proper settings. Some of these accounts were put in story form, others were strung together in the order in which they happened, and nearly all are given in the words of those who suffered.

We need not add that all were not equally faithful; but as the world is not interested in

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human failure, but only in success, we felt safe in recording only the experiences of those who were true to the faith they professed, and assuring the reader that but a small proportion of the persecuted played the part of the coward—most of these under circumstances which would have tested the courage of either the reader or the writer. I. T. H.

PEKING, JULY, 1902.

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CHINESE HEROES

CH'EN TA-YUNG—GATE KEEPER, PREACHER, MARTYR

I

"Six Packages of Incense—two Pieces of Soap—one Block of Soda," said little Ch'en, reading off the sales of a recent purchase to the head bookkeeper of the store in which he was employed.

"Anything else?" inquired the bookkeeper.

"Nothing," answered Ch'en, his attention fixed upon a group of people across the street, and added—"A devil is coming."

This last remark was caused by a missionary book-seller emerging from the crowd and walking toward the store.

Young Ch'en was a country lad, born a few miles outside the southeast gate of Peking. Like most Chinese boys he had been taught to read some of the Chinese primers and then been employed in this incense store on Hua'rh Shih that his scant wages might swell the small in-

come of the family, thus enabling them to "pass the days," which is about all an ordinary Chinese family expects.

Ch'en was a plump, short, round-faced, good-natured, honest boy, who enjoyed a good con-

Ch'en Ta-yung

science and two meals a day. He was fond of a joke but fond also of his books, and there was an uncertain twinkle in his eyes as he watched the approach of the missionary, though not a sign of mischief: the man had books.

"Have you seen any of these books?" was the first question asked by the missionary.

"No, what are they?"

"Various kinds. Here is the *Entrance to Virtue and Knowledge*, the *Glad Tidings*, and *Evidences of Christianity*," and with this answer he spread out a variety of books upon the counter.

Both salesmen and proprietor were interested in the books as well as in the man, and began plying him with questions about himself, his books, his country and his doctrine, which was, of course, the object he sought.

Young Ch'en bought a book.

II

A few days later Ch'en was present at the Sunday services of the London Mission and in a conversation with the missionary he said he had read the books he and the other clerks had bought, which by a series of cross-questionings appeared very evident. He had not only read them but had made himself master of their contents. He expressed himself as deeply interested in Christianity, and purchased more books, which he took home and studied; and for some months he was a regular attendant on the Sunday services.

His interest in this new life, however, had not affected all his friends as it had the missionary. The inmates of two homes and a business house

looked upon the matter from a very different standpoint. They could say nothing in opposition to his reading the books, for he gave no offense either by conduct or conversation; nevertheless his parents and the parents of the girl to whom he was betrothed—members of the Li family—were not well pleased that their son and prospective son-in-law should exhibit such a tendency toward the teachings of the "foreign devil." This however did not affect Ch'en. He was not easily influenced. When his mind was made up it was not easily unmade. He continued to study, continued to go to church, asked to join on probation, and when his months of probation were ended young Ch'en was baptized.*

III

Each fresh step taken by the young man increased the opposition in his family. His mother was especially bitter against him. Yet she dared not express it openly for she did not wish to break with her son. She proposed to bring about his marriage, thinking that by giving him something different to think about she would wean him from this "devil doctrine." To this he was not loth, especially as only a short time previously a foreigner, in consideration of certain services he had rendered, had presented him with one hundred ounces of silver and young Ch'en had given up his position in the in-

*He was baptized by Rev. Joseph Edkins, D.D.

cense store and entered the London Mission school.

When the matter of his marriage was fully settled he announced his determination to be married as a Christian. A storm arose in his home. His mother was furious. Ch'en was filial but firm, and when the storm had spent its force it left a young married couple very happy but without a home, for Ch'en was married according to the Christian's ceremony.

IV

But married life and school life could not well be pursued together on an empty purse; and so, as Ch'en was not at liberty to put away his wife—and be it understood he did not wish to do so—he found it necessary to forego further study in school.

It so happened that the Methodist Mission then being established in Peking was in need of a servant, and on inquiring of certain friends about Ch'en the members were told that they were welcome to him if they could get him to leave his books long enough to do anything, which was more than they of the London Mission could accomplish. Not that Ch'en was lazy—he was never lazy—but he had a constitutional indisposition to leave his books. He was willing to do anything if only that thing were studying books; and either because the newcomers were in such desperate straits, or

because they approved of such a disposition in a very young man, they concluded to take him.

They first tried him as a house servant, but Ch'en was a failure. He could eat food—indeed, he was very fond of good food—but he could not cook it, and the office of "boy" was too much like "woman's work," "never done." He had so approved himself to them, however, either by his evident desire to be diligent or by his studious habits, that they concluded to try him in another capacity, and so young Ch'en was installed as gate keeper.

V

This was a position exactly suited to the man and the man to the position—at least for the time.

Here was an important office, connected with which the only duty was to see that no one was admitted except on business. This Ch'en was careful to attend to, and as the new mission was not doing much yet either in a social or religious way he had ample time for study. As time passed on, and Ch'en's intelligence daily increased, it began to be known in the neighborhood that Chinese were able to associate with and even live on the premises of the "foreign devil" without being devoured, and a pardonable curiosity began to be aroused in the minds of many as to what they were there for. The only way to gratify this curiosity was to call and see,

and in this way Ch'en had opportunity to converse with all classes, educated and uneducated, on the subject which lay nearest to his heart, which subject was the Gospel. No office furnishes a better opportunity for preaching than an Oriental gatehouse, and Ch'en "magnified his office" in a way that furnished abundant proof that only the most faithful Christian should be the "gate official" of the foreign missionary.

A new idea began to take form in the mind of Ch'en, namely, that his position in life was not to be gate keeper in the mission compound, but "gate keeper in the house of the Lord," and he attacked his books with renewed vigor, determined that some time he would be a preacher of the Gospel. There were obstacles, however, in the way, the first of which was that his wife could not read; and, while she was a helpmeet in his home, unless she learned to read she would be a hindrance to him as a preacher. How was this to be overcome? He brought the matter to his wife, in the hope that she would suggest that she could learn to read. This solution she studiously avoided, and after broadly hinting the possibility of such a method he suggested, "Perhaps you could learn to read."

No, Mrs. Ch'en could not learn to read. She had too many family cares, too many duties, too much work; she was too old; it would not be of any use to her; she did not want to read.

Now Ch'en was too wise a man to pursue an idea to a final conclusion without giving his wife time for reflection. He always put his ideas to soak, so to speak, with his better half.

The matter came up again, and Mr. Ch'en urged his wife to study the Catechism at least. Mrs. Ch'en was not inclined to do so. In the ordinary story book Mrs. Ch'en would probably fall ill and die, and Mr. Ch'en would marry an intelligent educated woman. Our Mrs. Ch'en did not resort to such a stratagem as a solution of the difference between herself and her husband but she observed that he was very intent upon it and, while she thought it might be best to do so, she resolved not to submit without a struggle.

Once more the matter came up. Mr. Ch'en was a descendant of people who have believed for four thousand or more years that it is the duty of a wife to obey her husband. Indeed at that time the church he had left and the church he had entered both alike compelled their women at the marriage altar to promise to obey their husbands. But Mr. Ch'en preferred to rule by moral suasion rather than by physical force, or even command. Nevertheless, as he had tried suggesting and urging, he mildly ordered her to study the Catechism. His order was too mild; Mrs. Ch'en did not obey. He added vigor to his command, but still without results; and when all other methods had failed Mr. Ch'en took his

wife out into a vacant garden, where no one could hear, see or tell, and—whipped her until she promised to study the Catechism.

And the Recording Angel with a tear blotted out the record made against Ch'en for his cruelty because of his ignorance, his earnestness, and the good results that were to spring therefrom; for Ch'en was doing his best to become a preacher.

VI

When he was made gate keeper, as we have seen, he did not cease to be a student. He studied theology in the gatehouse, which he transformed into a "Gospel Hall." He preached in the street chapel, in the school, in his home—everywhere; as the following quotations from the mission history testify:

"Thus far only one has made a profession of Christianity in the North China Mission. His name is Ch'en Ch'eng-mei, and he is the father of our gate keeper, an old man, nearly sixty years of age, formerly by occupation a shoemaker."

Turning over a few leaves in the history we read:

"The rite of baptism was administered to Wen Hui and Yang Ssu, whose probation has been satisfactorily passed. Representatives of widely different classes, they stood at the altar—the former a literary graduate of the second degree, a Manchu Tartar and belonging to the Imperial

army, the other a type of the laboring class.* The former received his religious impressions while employed as teacher of the boys' school, the latter was our only trophy of the unsuccessful attempt to purchase the temple in the Southern City. We lost the place, but we trust a soul was secured for heaven.

"The chief credit of bringing forward both of these converts is to be given to Ch'en Ta-yung, whose studious habits and blameless life have of late given us reason to hope that he may yet find his proper sphere in the field of the ministry. Already his aged father has taken his place as gate keeper, and his time has been given more exclusively to study and work as an exhorter."

"In the summer of 1873 a native named Wang Tui-fu, having the degree of Hsiu Ts'ai and belonging to the village of An Chia Chuang in Shan-tung, distant four hundred miles from Peking, was at the capital preparing to enter the examinations for the degree of Chü Jen. Meantime he happened into our chapel on Ha Ta Men, Great Street, was interested in the word preached, came again and again, made the acquaintance of Ch'en Ta-yung and soon presented himself as a candidate for baptism."

"In February, 1874, it was decided to send a letter of greeting to the little church at Hsin-an from the brethren in Peking. Accordingly the

* Although that was thirty years ago the latter is gate keeper in our compound since the Boxer troubles (1902).

letter was written and intrusted to Ch'en Ta-yung, now acting as native preacher, with the rank of a student helper, who in the mission cart with Yang Ssu carried it thither and remained a day or two preaching and exhorting."

In thus traveling from place to place it not infrequently happened that scholars came to the inn to enter into discussions with Ch'en as to the relative virtues of Confucianism and Christianity. After one discussion the missionary said to him:

"You are not an educated man; how is it you do not fear to enter into discussions with these scholars?"

"Oh," said Ch'en, "I just stick to the Bible, and I know more about that than they do."

Ch'en had in reality become a preacher, one who feared not the scholar nor despised the coolie.

VII

"Poor child! poor child! ai ya, ai ya!"

This was the ejaculation of Ch'en's mother when his first baby was born. It was a girl. It was born on the first day of the first month—New Year's day. The old woman was superstitious, and predicted that he would have nothing but girls or that he would have bad luck all his life.

Ch'en was sanguine and satisfied, and called his little girl Mary—he pronounced it Ma-li—after the mother of our Lord.

The old woman continued to sigh, the baby continued to grow—she was voted by all who knew her to be the most beautiful Chinese baby they had ever seen—and Ch'en continued to preach. It annoyed his mother that he was not disturbed by this stroke of ill-luck; and when the next baby came—which was a boy—she only shook her head and remarked that it would take more than one boy to avert the calamity occasioned by one's first baby being a girl and born on the first day of the first month.

Ch'en continued his soul-saving work, read omnivorously, prayed fervently, cracked an unusual number of jokes, called his boy John, for the favorite disciple, and waited for the next baby—another boy. Again the old woman sighed, but more faintly this time, and it was not until the fifth child was born, which was also a boy, as were also the sixth and seventh, that she finally gave up her superstition that the first baby girl, born on New Year's day, would bring bad luck to a Christian's home.

And little Mary grew up an educated woman, married a doctor, and has two little boys and two little girls as beautiful as she was herself. Meanwhile Ch'en continued steadfast in his work of soul-saving.

VIII

"Your turn to remain at home to-day," said Pastor Ch'en to his third son, a boy of nine, as the family were starting for church.

Mr. Ch'en's Grandchildren

"Mary has two little boys and two little girls as beautiful as she was herself"

"I shall expect you to repeat this portion of Matthew, when we return, without an error."

With this parting instruction to the boy Mr. Ch'en locked the door, leaving the child on the inside, and then locked the gate of the court.

This might seem harsh treatment did we not remember that a house in China is never safe alone, and the only way to be certain that a boy would not run away or get into mischief was to give him something to keep him employed; and what better business for a boy on Sunday than committing a portion of the gospel? As there were characters in the chapter with which he was not familiar his older brother, John, and one of the missionaries' children climbed over the wall, told him the characters, and then left before Mr. Ch'en returned, which conduct was so nearly mischief as to lend interest to the task.

Mr. Ch'en was not one of those who set himself to preach so much gospel and then rest from his labors. He was not satisfied when he had preached to strangers, his wife and children were his especial care. When the latter were home from school during vacation they were given two meals a day, according to the Chinese custom, one at 9 A. M., the other at 4 P. M. After breakfast they were set to studying the Scriptures, having a certain definite task given them, for learning which they received ten large cash. For every character they missed one cash was de-

ducted. If they missed a large number they were given a half hour's extra time without having their income curtailed. With the money thus earned they were allowed to buy cakes for their lunch.

Ch'en Wei-fan
Fourth Son of Ch'en Ta-yung

The result of this training has appeared in a multitude of noble and self-sacrificing deeds on the part of his boys, and indicates that Ch'en did not neglect the souls of his children in his efforts to save the souls of strangers.

IX

"Do not worry as to what you are to do for a living. Finish your college course and trust the Lord. The Lord will provide for the man who does his duty." This was Ch'en's advice to his boys when they indicated anxiety as to how they were to make a living, or, as they put it, "pass the days."

Mrs. Ch'en wished to economize, and in this she exhibited peculiar ingenuity especially in the matter of heat. On a cold winter's day when the foreign physician called at the Ch'en home she found the infant in a sand-bag. Inquiring the reason, Mrs. Ch'en explained that sand was much more easily kept clean than cloth and that when the sand was well warmed it would retain the heat all day, and thus there was no difficulty in keeping the infant warm even in cold weather in a Chinese house. She advised all her family to bring up their children in the sand-bag. This method will scarcely commend itself to European parents. Indeed there is small reason why it should, considering the houses in which they live. But be it said in Mrs. Ch'en's favor that of her ten children none died in infancy, and nine were living when the Boxer movement began. They are, with one exception, without extravagant ideas; they are strong mentally, physically and spiritually; and Ch'en's two sons who have graduated from college are engaged in religious

work, on salaries one-tenth what they could be getting in business, while his fourth son, now in college, promises to be equally self-sacrificing and useful.

X

Thus Ch'en continued to preach until the Boxer disturbance of 1900, at which time he was appointed to preach in a town outside the Great Wall in the region of Mongolia.

"You must leave here at once and flee to the mountains," urged the members of his church some time after he had arrived at his appointment. "The Christians in other places are being massacred and the country is in a disturbed condition."

"No," answered Ch'en, "I will not leave until all the members of my flock are first hid away."

He had left Peking on the fifth of June, taking with him his wife, his youngest son and his youngest daughter, who were in school, and had arrived safely at Yen Ch'ing Chou.

The Christians who were familiar with the surrounding country told him of the places in the mountains where he and his family could hide with the greatest prospect of security and safety, and sent the chapel keeper with them to show them the way. Three miles from the city they were met by a man who inquired,

"Who are you?"

"I am the preacher in Yen Ch'ing Chou."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to the mountains."

The man hurried back to the village and informed the Boxers that a group of Christians were fleeing to the mountains.

The Boxer chief, followed by his rabble, at once pursued and soon overtook them. After asking the same questions as had been asked by the other, he continued:

"Have you any money?"

"Yes," answered Ch'en, and gave him all he had.

"Throw down your clothing and bedding."

Ch'en did so, and turning to the motley crowd of Boxers and followers he said:

"Now I am through; you may do as you like."

The little girl, whom they called "Apple"—not an ordinary apple, but the best variety known in the North—ran screaming to her mother's arms, from which retreat she saw the savage Boxers and irresponsible rabble kill and behead her father, the chapel keeper and her brother, a boy as generous and noble as his three older brothers, while she in childish fear cried out,

"Oh, mother, what shall we do! what shall we do!"

"We will all go to our Heavenly Father together," said the old woman, her faith never wavering to the last, and she and her baby

daughter of thirteen were hacked to pieces locked in each other's arms.

Thus Ch'en proved himself as heroic in his death as he had been in his life.

XI

It was some months later when his third son, the boy who had been locked in the room to study the gospel, visited the place and gathered up the bones of his loved ones, their bodies having been burned, to give them proper burial. The skulls, however, were nowhere to be found. Five months later these were discovered and placed with the others in the family burying ground.

It would not have been unnatural if a feeling of resentment had been aroused in the heart of the young man as he thus looked upon the remains of his kindred so foully and ruthlessly murdered. Had he asked the officials to capture the leaders, try them, and inflict upon them such punishment as they deserved, the world would not have regarded it as unjust. Had he put in a bill for indemnity for the property his father had lost it would have been promptly paid by the official. When asked what indemnity he wanted his only answer was,

"We are not in need. We do not want indemnity."

He did make one request however:

"I should like to go to that church and preach

the Gospel to the people who murdered my parents."

That was all. He was allowed to go.

Ch'en's investment of influence in his sons and daughters is appearing in the form of noble Christian character and self-sacrificing service.

WANG CH'ENG-P'EI—THE WHEELBARROW MAN AND MARTYR

I

"WHAT does he mean by saying he hopes I will be among the saved?" asked Teacher Wang of Pastor Ch'en, as the missionary left the chapel.

Before Ch'en answered the question the following conversation took place.

First the preacher asked, "What is your honorable name, sir?"

"My name is Wang."

"Where do you live?"

"I live in the Province of Shan-tung, the village of An Chia, near T'ai-an Fu."

"What is your business, sir?"

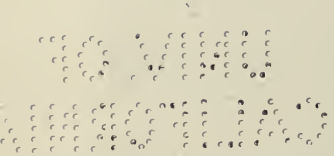
"I have no business at present, but am in Peking to attend the examinations."

"Are you interested in Christianity?"

"Yes, I am interested in it, but I do not understand it. What does he mean by saying he hopes I will be among the saved?"

Teacher Wang was of a delicate constitution, with much the appearance of one in the latter stages of consumption. He was a first graduate and was in Peking preparing to enter the examinations for the master's degree. He had left

Wang Ch'eng-p'ei
Wheelbarrow man, preacher and martyr



his home in Shan-tung, four hundred miles distant, where he dwelt in a small country village in the neighborhood of the tomb of Confucius, the great master of Chinese morals, and had spent two months on the road to the capital, where he arrived in time for the great examinations. These he failed to pass. After the ordeal he was pressed to spend a few weeks with congenial companions seeing the sights of Peking and becoming acquainted with urban life. To his excuse that he could not afford it they offered to defray all charges, and in addition furnished him with the necessary pocket money to meet such small expenses as he might incur when not in their company.

While passing along one of the great streets he noticed a large crowd in front of a semi-foreign building, which seemed also to be filled with people, and pressing his way through he determined to enter and see what was going on.

A foreigner on a small raised platform was speaking in a language singularly like his own ; indeed Mr. Wang confessed that the peculiar-looking individual spoke the dialect of the capital better than he himself could speak it, and he inclined his ear to listen. A long while he sat thus, and when the speaker stopped and the crowd dispersed he remained in the rear of the room devouring with his eyes the cut of the man's garment, the size of his nose and the color of his eyes. He spoke to Mr. Wang as

he passed out, and as he left him expressed the hope that he would be among the saved. The young Chinese assistant, Pastor Ch'en Ta-yung, at once engaged Mr. Wang in conversation. The two sat down and in answer to his questions Ch'en gave such explanations as set forth the elements of Christianity and served rather to arouse than to satisfy the curiosity of such a scholar as Teacher Wang.

"Would you care to know more about this doctrine?" asked Ch'en.

"Indeed I would," replied the scholar.

"In that case, if you will go with me to see the gentleman who has just been speaking, he will answer with pleasure all the questions you desire to ask."

"By all means let us go at once," said Teacher Wang, and the two, engaged in friendly conversation, started for the home of the missionary.*

II

Teacher Wang was in earnest.

He had learned from Ch'en what it was to be saved, and now, like the Philippian jailer, he was anxious to understand the process by which a man past middle life might attain that very desirable end. A long time they talked, and as he was going, well satisfied with what he had learned, the missionary called after him,

"Mr. Wang! Mr. Wang!"

---

*Rev. Leander W. Pilcher.

"What is it?"

"Should any further questions arise in your mind to perplex you, do not hesitate to call and allow me to help you solve them."

"Thank you. I shall certainly do so."

"You will come and dine with me?" said Pastor Ch'en, "and we can talk further about this matter."

Teacher Wang did so.

It seemed singular to him that a foreigner who looked so savage, with black beard all over his face, and a Chinese whom he had never seen before should take such a personal interest in him. At first he wondered if they were not influenced by selfish motives. "But what selfish motives," he asked himself, "could they have in a man who is as poor as I am?"

He called again and again. He followed the missionary's instructions, spending much of his time in prayer, and it was not long until he began to see the light.

"How long do you expect to remain in Peking?" the missionary inquired of Mr. Wang after he had stepped into the light.

"I do not know; perhaps not long."

"Would you be willing to remain here and take the position of chapel keeper for a few months?"

"What duties would I have to perform?"

"Your principal duties would be to live in the street chapel and testify that Christ is able to

save men, because he has saved you, and converse with men as Ch'en conversed with you."

"I will do so."

After a few months it was evident to the missionary that Teacher Wang understood the religion he professed, and he advised that he return to his home in Shan-tung and there witness among his friends to the Saviour he had found while in the capital.

III

"Tell us about your trip," said Mrs. Wang to her husband the first morning after his return.

It was Sunday, and he gathered his family about him for prayers. After reading and expounding a passage of Scripture he told them about his trip, his meeting with the missionary, his newly-found Saviour, and the joy and peace that came to him in believing; and then he urged both his wife and children to follow his example.

After prayer he read a hymn in which was the couplet,

> You who seek the throne of grace,
> Do not delay.

The words for delay were *ch'ih yen*, not very unlike the words *ch'ih yen*, which mean to use tobacco, and when he read the hymn his wife understood it thus:

> You who seek the throne of grace,
> Do not use tobacco,

and she immediately threw away both pipe and tobacco, and began an enthusiastic crusade against the use of the weed among her neighbors.

"Are there any foreign woman-teachers who believe in Jesus among those who taught you?" she inquired of her husband.

"Several of them," he replied.

"How would it do for me to go and ask them to teach me?"

"Not now," he replied; "wait till I ask the missionary."

Teacher Wang began at once the preaching of the Gospel through the whole neighborhood. He had many friends among the scholars and he made them his especial care. He went from village to village carrying with him copies of the books which had been given him to read and from which he gained much of his instruction. He was especially attached to the Gospels and Epistles, and made them his constant companions. Being a teacher, and widely known in that part of the province, he had no difficulty in obtaining access to the homes. Like Paul, or like his own great ancestor Confucius, he found many who were ready to entertain him because of the wisdom of his instruction and conversation; like Paul also, many of his friends withdrew from him because of the strange doctrines with which he had allied himself.

"Howbeit certain men clave unto him and believed."

IV

"You must go to Peking for more books," said Teacher Wang to his son Ch'eng-p'ei after he had been preaching for a few weeks.

"How shall I go?" inquired Ch'eng-p'ei.

"Take your wheelbarrow," said his father, "in order that the trip may be as inexpensive as possible."

He gave his son a diary of the work already done, in which were included the names of eighteen persons who desired to join the church on probation, most of whom were his own friends or relations.

"I first preached to the members of my own family," he afterwards explained, "believing that if I could not convince them I could have little hope of winning strangers."

Wang Ch'eng-p'ei, unlike his father, was not a scholar. Like Shun he had followed the plow, or pushed the wheelbarrow, and with the latter he went to the capital, a distance of four hundred miles. He remained only a few weeks, which he spent in the study of the Scriptures, and with his wheelbarrow-load of books he returned to his home, but not until he had first obtained a promise that some of the missionaries would visit them in Shan-tung and hold a service among them.

When the missionaries came they were accompanied by Ch'en Ta-yung the preacher and

Yang Ssu the carter, two men whose history will ever be interwoven with the history of the North China Mission.

Yang Ssu, the Carter

"Where is your father?" they inquired of Ch'eng-'pei, when he called at the inn.

"He is on a preaching and book-selling tour in the country," answered the son, "but I will go for him at once."

Unhitching his donkey from the plow he jumped astride it and was soon tracing the donkey paths through the fields from village to village in search of his father.

The latter was in the habit of going to all the villages within a radius of twenty miles to tell the glad tidings of salvation, and as he was seven miles away at this time it was some hours before they returned. He was delighted to see the missionaries, and, like all Chinese after having come in contact with foreigners, he was not satisfied with the native method of salutation but clutched their hands in a manner as cordial as it was awkward.

Sunday was a red letter day in Teacher Wang's home. His son was baptized and the two were received into full membership in the church, while his wife, son's wife, daughter, nephew and cousin were all received on probation. In the afternoon Ch'en Ta-yung preached, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to a little company of believers all of whom were to play an important part in a small way in the establishment of the Church in China. Well might the missionary write:

"The day was one of encouragement, not more in what we actually enjoyed than in what it promised," as we shall see who follow the history of some of the members of this day's meeting.

The following day the missionaries started on

the return trip, stopping at the village of Yang Ssu, the carter, long enough to perform the marriage ceremony for that functionary, after which he continued with them on the journey.

V

If I were asked what is the most important thing to be done in the establishment of Christianity in a heathen land I should say the establishment of Christian homes. God, when he undertook to people a world, did it by the establishment of a home. Again, when he undertook to save a world from the flood, he did it by saving a home. Once more, when he wanted to raise up a nation into whose minds and hearts he could commit his most precious revelation, he did it by raising up a God-fearing man and wife; for Sarah was as important an element as Abraham in the making of the character of the Jewish people. Those who desire to know the difference between a man with a Christian wife and one with a heathen wife in a heathen land may study the history of Abraham and Lot, both of whom are alike called faithful. But while the record of the one is resplendent with honor that of the other may not be written. It was not unwise, therefore, for Teacher Wang to spend his first efforts in securing a home following.

"I hope you did not forget to ask the missionary if I might go to Peking to study," said Mrs. Wang to her husband on Sunday afternoon.

"I asked him, and he said you might go."

"When may I go?"

"As soon as you are ready."

"I cannot leave you until you are stronger," said the woman.

This was not the first time reference had been made to Teacher Wang's health.

For years he had been in delicate health, and it was evident that his long trips in the country, sleeping in all kinds of homes and eating all kinds of food, was rapidly telling on his health. He was becoming weaker and weaker, but he was deaf alike to the pleadings of his family and to the advice of the missionaries that he should take more rest. He did take as good care of himself as he could, and his reply always was, "I can live but a few years longer, and I must spend them in diligent service of my Master," and with these words he would enter upon another term of service.

Some months later, when the missionaries again visited his home, they found the thread of life almost exhausted. They baptized the remaining members of his family and some of his friends, took the names of others on probation, and ten days after they had departed Teacher Wang left the service of the Master on earth for the association with Him in heaven, committing his work to his son, Wang Ch'eng-p'ei, and his ever faithful wife, both of whom, however, were in sad need of preparation.

VI

"Children," said Mrs. Wang, after the remains of her husband had been carried to their last resting place, "you must be good to-day while mother is away."

"Where are you going, mother?" piped up her two little daughters.

"I am going to sell books and preach as your father did."

With this she bade good-by to the children, took the package of books she had wrapped up in a square of cloth, and departed upon her errand of love and service. She first visited the homes of relatives and friends, then the homes of neighbors, after which she went to sell her books and tell her story of redeeming grace in the adjacent villages. She met with no little opposition on account of her zeal and what some of her relatives and friends called her "craziness."

"You are insane, Mrs. Wang," they said; "the words you speak are the words of a crazy woman."

"Was not my husband a scholar?" she asked.

"Quite right, he was a scholar."

"Did he not preach this doctrine? Did he not die believing in this doctrine? Is he not in heaven now as a result of this doctrine? Was he crazy? No, my friends, I am not insane. I am trying to do the work my husband was not

spared to do," and when the missionaries returned a few months later it was thus they found her carrying on the work of her husband.

They invited her to go to Peking to study, knowing that unless she could read she could not accomplish the ends she designed; wherefore a few days after they had departed she took her son and her two little daughters and started on that long trip to the capital.

The girls were placed in school and the woman given rooms in another part of the court, and she began to study the Gospel of Matthew.

"Who ever heard of a woman as old as you learning to read?" said the gate keeper with a laugh.

"I will learn to read, no matter how difficult the task," answered Mrs. Wang.

It was only a short time after this when, inquiring the name of a certain character, she was told,

"Why, that is your own name;" and she adds, "I discovered how ignorant I was, and prayed the Lord for help and set to work with diligence."

For seven months she continued at her books. At the end of this time she was able to read the gospel, and she then asked to return home and spend a year in the active service of soul-saving. Then she entered upon her studies once more; and as the years passed she continued a part of the time in study and a part in traveling over

Shan-tung and Chih-li provinces and her testimony at present is—for she still lives:

"It has been twenty-four years since I accepted Christianity, during which time it has been impossible for me to measure the grace given me. I am now seventy-five years old, and I would that all who read this would join with me in praising the Lord that every member of my family is safely within the fold."

VII

"No, you cannot go farther in the cart," said Wang Ch'eng-p'ei to his mother the first time he took her from Peking to Shan-tung.

They had started from Peking in a Chinese cart but before going far upon their way the cart tipped over and Mrs. Wang was thrown out upon the road, receiving very serious injuries.

"But what will we do?" inquired his mother.

"I do not know what we will do, but you cannot go on in this cart."

"I might ride a donkey," she suggested.

"You remain here while I go to the inn and see what arrangements I can make."

The distance to their home was almost four hundred miles. It was impossible for his mother to ride farther in the cart. Her injuries were such that the jolting of a springless cart, together with the agitation entailed by the recent accident, would be too much for the old woman's nerves, and the son was unwilling to run further

risks with his mother. He remembered the instructions of his own sacred books. He remembered the primers he had learned in his youth, wherein he was taught that,

> To every instruction of parents you need
> To respectfully listen, with deference heed.
> Warm well their couch on the cold winter days,
> Fan their couch cool from the sun's scorching blaze.

But he remembered something more than this, something which with his new faith had a more powerful influence over him, and as he walked back to the inn he repeated, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and he said to himself,

"I will get a wheelbarrow and wheel her home. What matters it that the distance is four hundred miles! I brought a wheelbarrow-load of Bibles from Peking, why should I not wheel my mother? She is more precious even than—"

But he finished not the sentence. He soon secured a wheelbarrow, and placing his mother on one side, and their effects (which consisted mostly of their bedding) on the other, he spent the following twenty-five days wheeling his mother home, a distance of nearly four hundred miles.*

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* "Old Mrs. Wang has had another serious accident, probably making her a cripple for life. She lives with her son and is still abundant in labor that comes within her reach. Through her many women are hearing the Gospel."—*Minutes of North China Conference*, 1900.

VIII

"I am as happy as if I had a double-handful of cash," said one of Wang Ch'eng-p'ei's little boys to the other as they played together in the court.

"Oh," said the other, with still greater glee, "I am as happy as if I had a double-handful of silver!" and putting his hands together as he spoke he scooped them full of fine sand which he allowed to trickle down in a cone-shaped pile between his feet.

Their father had long ere this become a preacher and their grandmother, now an old woman, was spending the autumn of her life in the home of her son. She often told them about the time when the cart tipped over and their father wheeled her home, an incident that will ever be fraught with interest for the descendants of Wang Ch'eng-p'ei.

"And was papa a preacher then, grandma?" asked the boys.

"No, he was not a preacher, but he was studying to become a preacher."

"He could not do it now," said Ch'ing-p'ing, the younger of the two; "he is too fat."

"But why are you so happy?" asked their grandmother.

"Well, you know, grandma, the missionary came to hold revival meetings here. He preached a whole week and still thought he had

not moved the heart of any one, and last night when he sat down and asked if any one had anything to say, nobody said a word. I knew it was not proper for a boy to speak before the old men had spoken and so I waited a long time, though I wanted to confess my sins. But when no one made any confession I could stand it no longer and so I confessed."

"And what had you to confess, my boy?" asked his grandmother.

"Do you not remember, grandma, when you left me to attend my little sister?"

"A few days ago? Yes."

"Well, I slapped her because she was mischievous, and it made me very unhappy, because, you know, she is little, and she cried."

"Was that all you had to confess?" asked his grandmother, wondering at the little sins which disturb the mind of a child.

"No. The evening you sent me to the shop, to buy things, I could not get back until after dark and I was afraid. I said to myself, 'Jesus can take care of me as well in the dark as in the light,' but still I was afraid. I could not trust him. Of course we ought to trust Jesus; ought we not, grandma?"

"Certainly, my child."

"After brother and I had confessed our sins some of the big folks cried and the missionary looked as if he were crying too. 'Most everyone cried. Then the men confessed their sins,

and they said very much, but more as if they were happy than sorry, and they sang,

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

Then everybody shook hands with everybody else, and cried, and laughed, and sang and said 'Praise the Lord,' and were very happy; that is the reason brother and I are happy."

These confessions of the grandchildren of old Teacher Wang started a revival like which nothing before had been known in China. The members of the church became new creatures. Others found Christ as a Saviour and entered the church. But, more important still, it was the precursor of a series of revivals which spread throughout all of North China, extending to other schools and churches and preparing both students and Christians for the persecutions which were soon to follow.

IX

When the Boxers reached Peking, and the people from all the other missions gathered at the Methodist compound, they at once organized themselves into various committees the duty of each of which was to take charge of some particular kind of work. Some were laborers; others took charge of the food supply; others the water; others fortifications; while Wang Ch'eng-p'ei was made governor-in-chief of the Chinese fighting forces. On one occasion, when they sought in vain for some one to carry a message to the

enemy encamped in the south-west corner of the city, Ch'eng-p'ei said,

"Give it to me; I will take it."

"Put on an official hat and clothes," said the head of the general committee. "Official garments inspire fear and respect."

Thus clad he delivered the message.

When they arrived in Su Wang-fu it seemed to many, both foreign and native, that all was lost, and that they were penning themselves up thus to be butchered like so many sheep. It seemed impossible that a handful of people with insufficient provisions and almost unarmed could resist the forces of the Empire. During the first days of the siege the Chinese pressed them hard and on one occasion nothing but the wall separated the two forces. The Boxers on the outside were pitching bricks over the wall, while the Christians within hurled missiles back in hope of breaking the heads as well as the ranks of the enemy. The Chinese soldiers had climbed to the roof of a house where they could see into the court and pick off with their rifles any who showed themselves, so that the fighting forces of Christians under Wang Ch'eng-p'ei were compelled to creep about close enough to the wall to avoid the bullets of the soldiers on the roof, and far enough away to avoid the bricks of the Boxers.

It was at this time that one of the young pastors, Liu Chi-hsien, raised his head a trifle higher

than he should and in an instant a bullet pierced his brain.

"Men," cried Wang Ch'eng-p'ei, "we must up and fight or we are all lost."

"You lead the way and we will follow," shouted a Congregational comrade.

"A good brother!" answered Ch'eng-p'ei, winding his queue around his head and springing to his feet. "Come on; we will drive them off or die."

They did both.

Wang Ch'eng-p'ei with his left arm akimbo and his spear in his right hand led the men to victory, but a bullet pierced his hand and passed through his body. A few hours later, attended by loving hands, with faith in God and a smile upon his face, he passed away, and was laid in a martyr's grave.

CHILD-PRISONERS

A TALE OF THE BOXER OUTRAGES IN PEKING

I

"COME, boys, come quickly," said Professor Chung, calling to the children who were playing in the court.

Anxiety was written upon every feature and fear expressed in every intonation of his voice.

"May we not finish our game, papa?" asked Kan-en, the younger of the two boys, as he kicked the descending shuttlecock with the side of his thick-soled shoe.

"No, no, boys, come quickly; there is no time to play now," exclaimed the anxious father.

"Who beat?" asked their sister, as they came on the veranda.

"Kan-en," answered the elder of the two.

"Brother is a better player than I am," explained Kan-en, "but I had good luck to-day." This lest his brother should feel unhappy at his own defeat, for the boys were taught to be modest and never to exult at their own success or the misfortune or failure of another.

"What is the trouble?" asked K'ao-en, the elder brother.

"Papa says the foreigners have all fled and

we must leave our home and hide or we will be killed by the Boxers."

Professor Chung was a teacher in the Imperial University. He was a scholar, being a graduate of an American college and having passed the Imperial examinations, receiving the first degree. He was a true son of the Middle Kingdom but he had been associated with the foreigners. True, it was under the patronage of his own sovereign, but the savage Boxers in their ignorance and superstition had determined to rid the country of every vestige of foreign influence, and massacre every one associated with the "foreign devils."

Most of his possessions had been packed in boxes and sent to the homes of friends who had no connection with foreigners, in the hope that they might be saved, and it now remained to find safe hiding-places for the members of his family.

"Where shall we go?" asked his wife as the last box was sent away.

"We ought to pack the things in the other three rooms," said Chung, without answering her question.

"No," interposed his aged father, "you are unnecessarily alarmed, my son. In a few days the whole matter will have blown over and we can return in perfect safety. We have packed enough."

"Mr. Wang and his family are going to the

grain shop," said Professor Chung, turning to his wife as if to answer her question. "Grandfather and K'ao-en may go with them. I will take you and the girls, with Kan-en and the baby, to Teacher Liu's, in the south-west of the city."

Professor Chung

"May I not go with brother?" asked Kan-en, in the hope that they might complete their unfinished game.

"No, my son; you must go and help take care of mamma and sisters."

That was enough for that child of seven. The prospect of being useful offered greater inducements than the most attractive game.

Carts were soon called, and after an hour's bumping over rough streets they arrived at Teacher Liu's only to find that the foreigners had likewise fled taking with them all the native women and children. After a few moments' conversation Chung concluded to take his family to the Methodist mission, where foreigners and natives alike were collecting in the hope of defending themselves against their common enemy.

After an unusually tender leave-taking for a Chinese husband and father Chung left his family and hastened back to care for his own homestead.

His father and eldest son were safely housed with the Wang family at the grain shop, and after a night or two of watching and anxiety he took what food he could get and went to carry it to his wife; for hundreds were gathering at the mission, having left everything they had in their homes, not even bringing with them either food or bedding.

"Your family have left," said the gate keeper when he arrived.

"Where have they gone?"

"I think they went to Teacher Liu's, but I am not certain."

Chung mounted his cart and drove as fast as he could to Teacher Liu's.

"Is my wife here?" was his first inquiry.

"She is. We have just bought them some eggs and cakes, and they are eating in that side room."

The smaller children were enjoying it as they would a picnic, but there was a settled look of anxiety on the faces of both parents as their eyes met.

"Why did you leave?" Chung inquired.

"We were without food or bedding," answered his wife. "Let us return home and run the risk."

They did so, but they had not been home an hour when a messenger came to say that the Boxers had looted and burned two of the missions, that theirs was the next on the list, and that they were less than a mile away.

"You take the boys to the grain shop," said Chung to his father, who in the meantime had also returned, "and I will take the women to the milk store on the other street."

The doors of the milk store were closed, and the best he could do was to leave them in a small vegetable shop near the place he sought.

As soon as he had seen them safe he hastened to learn if his father and the boys had likewise been shut out of the grain shop, but they were gone he knew not where.

He hurried back to his family but they also had fled, being driven out of the shop by the proprietor, who had returned in the meantime, and Chung was left standing on the street alone.

II

The streets were thronged with men, women and children hurrying in every direction.

The hasty glance over the shoulder, the whispered instruction of the parents to the little ones, and the quick step, all betokened the fear that drove them from their homes.

When old Mr. Chung and the boys arrived at the grain shop they found that the Wang family had been compelled to leave and seek another hiding-place.

"Did they all go together?" he inquired.

"No," replied the shop-keeper, "Mr. Wang and his son and youngest daughter went together; and Mrs. Wang with her daughter-in-law and the other daughters formed a party of their own."

"Where did Mrs. Wang go?" inquired Mr. Chung, for she was his daughter.

"She went outside the An-ting gate," replied the shop-keeper.

"Then," said he to the boys, "we will go and find her. It may be she will need our assistance and protection."

"We will take care of her; will we not, grandpa?" said Kan-en flourishing a stick which he carried with him. "Three men can withstand a large number of Boxers." And he jumped up kicking backward as though at an imaginary shuttlecock.

To these two boys it was still a picnic. They were going out in the country for a lark. They played soldier all the way, walking beside each other with their sticks on their shoulders in true soldier fashion or making a dash at an im-

Chung K'ao-en

aginary enemy with fixed bayonets. But when they came near where the soldiers were—and they were to be seen on every side after they passed beyond the gate—they each took hold of his grandfather's hand and walked along with a quiet dignity like well-behaved citizens.

They were little men. Their clothing was cut

on the same pattern as that of their grandfather. Their faces were bright and expressive, not to say beautiful, and indicated an intelligent parentage. Their conduct was worthy of their station. They were neither excessively shy nor intrusively bold. No one could enter a drawing-room with a more manly bearing or greet a guest with a better bow, all which, with their little manly ways, attracted attention to them wherever they went.

They found Mrs. Wang and the others outside the gate, near the Temple of Earth, hiding in a cave-like excavation in a deep gully. Soldiers surrounded them on every side. Savage monsters, followers of Tung Fu-hsiang, thirsting for the blood of all who had had any connection with foreigners, whether in a diplomatic, religious, or business capacity; and followers also of Prince Ch'ing, who, though they dared not do much to oppose the actions of their cruel compatriots, yet steadfastly refused to take any part in their unjustifiable attack on the legations. Amid such surroundings it was impossible for our friends to remain long undiscovered in their temporary hiding place, and especially with two such boys as Kan-en and K'ao-en members of their party.

Among those encamped near them was a military officer, in command of two hundred and fifty soldiers, named Li Tien-wen, who became interested in and took a fancy to the boys.

"Give them to me," he said to their grandfather, "and I will take care of them."

"Perhaps you will kill them," replied the old man.

"If I wanted to kill them why should I ask for them?" retorted the officer. "Nothing prevents my killing them where they are."

And with but little parleying the old man turned the boys over to the Boxer chief, for so we must consider him, and it was well he did so; for nothing worse could happen to them than must have befallen their grandfather and the women he went to protect, none of whom have been heard of since.

The boys were taken to the officer's tent and instructions given to the guards to allow no evil to befall them, and amid the enemies of their people they played soldier with as little fear as they had done in company with their grandfather.

The possession of two such boys by an officer could not remain a secret. The news flew from tent, and from company to company, and soon reached the ear of another officer in command of five hundred troops, who was without such a coveted offspring. This was Lo Ch'un-hsiu, and donning his official robes he set out to call on Major Li.

"Ah, Major Li," said he after the ordinary civilities of the occasion had been expressed, "from what sacred tree have you plucked such fair and well-developed fruit?"

"You know how the lotus grows," answered Major Li.

"Yes, but these are fruit, not flowers."

"Rice grows as does the lotus, Colonel Lo, from the submerged surface and the slime."

"I fear I am unseemly stupid. I do not understand you."

"Listen, then. These two children have grown amid the slime of the hated Christians, are followers of the 'Foreign Devil,' fled from the city with their grandfather and joined their aunt, with some other relatives, who were living, as one might expect them to, in a gully not far from my camp. I asked for them and they were delivered over to me, and as I suppose their parents have been or will be massacred I propose to adopt and bring them up as my own children."

"Two such boys are too rich a prize for one man," said Colonel Lo; "give one to me."

Major Li gazed at the boys with a look which was well-nigh indefinable. It was not love—he had not had time to have learned to love them. It was not fear—he had nothing to fear from his superior officer, though he felt he could not well refuse his request; it was the look which might appear upon the face of a miser when compelled to give up a part of his most cherished possession. "Very well," said he, "take the younger; but you will not let any harm befall him."

And Colonel Lo returned to his tent taking with him little Kan-en.

III

When Professor Chung discovered that his wife and daughters had been driven out of the vegetable shop, and his father and sons with his brother-in-law's family had been forced to leave the grain shop, he was almost beside himself. Yet there was nothing he could do. There was no one from whom he could demand satisfaction, for no one was under obligation to protect his family at such a critical period. The sight of him was pitiable. For three days or more his nerves had been kept at their utmost tension. His face was pale, his eyes wild, and his whole body in a tremor. Every moment he knew the Boxer rabble was drawing nearer to where they were. There was not a moment to be lost, and yet he knew not which way to turn.

Was it possible, he asked himself, that his young wife and the fair forms of those innocent girls were to fall into the hands of that savage horde? and without knowing where he went, led, no doubt, by the filial and parental ties that bound him to his father and his boys, he hastily retraced his steps to the grain shop.

But there everything was as quiet as death. The doors were closed and barred and not a sound came from within. He peeped through the cracks of the board front, but only to gaze into darkness. He looked up the great street

toward the An-ting gate, not knowing that his father and boys had gone in that direction, and then down the street where a solitary individual was slowly walking toward him.

He sauntered toward the south, looking as unconcerned as was possible under the circumstances, greeting the other with a slight bend of the body.

"Are you not Professor Chung?" asked the other with evident concern.

"Yes, I am," said Chung, not knowing what new calamity was now upon him.

"I saw," said the other in a half-whisper, "a lady with two girls and a child pass this direction. Might it be Mrs. Chung? They are now in First Street—at least they turned in that way."

Chung waited to hear no more. With a polite expression of his obligation he hurried as rapidly as he dared in the direction of First Street, from the mouth of which he saw his wife and daughters, a hundred yards away, the only persons abroad upon the narrow lane, even the dogs having been called within the courts.

The mother was pressing the child to her bosom, and the two girls were hurrying after her as fast as their feet would carry them, all in the direction of greatest danger.

Chung put his hand to his mouth and gave a shrill whistle.

They turned their heads as they hastened onward, but seeing who it was they stopped. Then a motion of the hand and they came toward him and he to them.

"This direction," said he, as he took the child.

"But where shall we go?" asked his wife in alarm.

"We must go toward the west. The east side of the city is full of Boxers. Our only safety is in the west."

They passed south to the great street that leads to the Drum and Bell Towers, and followed this till they came to Back Gate Street. Then turning down Pipe Street and passing Duck Lane they crossed a small bridge. There was a cart standing here and Chung stowed the three women with the child inside, while he "hung upon the shaft" beside the driver. The carter at first demurred at the thought of drawing five people, but as Chung appeared to be a gentleman, and none of them were large, and as he pointed in the direction the carter himself desired to go, he put the basket, from which the mule had been feeding, in its place under the cart and drove away.

Smoke was ascending from the smoldering ruins of two of the missions and as Chung turned his head to view them the carter remarked:

"The Boxers are burning the foreigners' places."

"Yes," answered Chung; "where are they now?"

"They have gone to burn Second Street."

"I perceive you call them foreigners; why do you not call them 'devils'?" asked Chung, surmising that the carter was himself a Christian.

"I do not call them 'devils,'" was his evasive answer.

"Do you know any of these foreigners?" Chung inquired further.

"They have ridden in my cart at times," was his reply. "Where is your destination?"

"In the south-west," answered Chung.

They each suspected the other was a Christian, but each hesitated to tell; Chung lest the carter would refuse to draw him and the carter lest Chung might be an official who would put him under arrest.

"Where is your home?" Chung asked, thinking that thus he might be able to locate him.

"In the south-east," answered the carter.

"Where is your honorable residence?"

"In the north," answered Chung.

Night was now closing in, and as they drove on in silence they could see the sky lit up in the direction of Second Street and Chung knew that their home was being looted and laid in ruins.

They had had nothing to eat since their hurried morning meal, and Chung alighted from the cart and bought a handkerchief-full of eggs,

cakes and doughnuts, with a few meat dumplings, which he gave to the girls.

When they arrived at Teacher Liu's Chung told the carter to wait while he went in to learn what was to be known.

"What is your name?" asked the carter, while he waited for the gate to be opened.

"Chung."

"Of the University?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought you were a Christian," he muttered to himself as he raised the mule's harness to ease its back.

The place was deserted, and as Chung mounted the shaft he simply said:

"To the Methodist mission."

"That is where I wanted to go," remarked the carter.

V

It soon proved to be very inconvenient for Major Li to have K'ao-en always in his tent, and he began to look about for some convenient place to seclude him.

Outside the city there was none. Inside he knew not what danger might befall him, but if he were called to lead his soldiers to battle he could not take the child with him, nor was there any safe place to leave him unprotected by a guard. He therefore concluded to send him into the city, to his temporary residence, allowing him to remain there until the present trouble was past.

This was on First Street, only a short distance from the boy's old home.

Again and again during the following weeks the lad requested to be allowed to go around to Second Street and see if his parents had returned. There were boys there he would like to play with. He knew a mulberry tree the fruit of which was then ripe. There were a hundred things he thought of during the few weeks he was shut up in this small court, for he was not allowed to go upon the street.

"Get K'ao-en ready at once," said a messenger as he hurriedly entered the gate; "he is to leave here immediately."

"What is the matter?"

"Major Li has been wounded and has leave to return home, and he wishes to take the child with him."

"Will Kan-en go with us?" inquired the boy.

"Yes; Colonel Lo has concluded to send him with you, and has placed over him a teacher and a guard of soldiers who are ready to start as soon as you arrive."

It took but a few moments to get the child ready and they were soon on their way. Not far from the gate they came in contact with the escort of the Empress Dowager in her flight to Hsi-an-fu and were compelled to wait until the whole cavalcade had passed. They continued their journey southward and after three days' bumping over rough roads in an August sun

they arrived at Pao-ting-fu, a place never to be forgotten because of the cruel massacres that had just been perpetrated there.

Major Li's wound required attention and he was sadly in need of rest. The news he brought from the capital was that of failure on the part of the Boxers, and the officials trembled from fear of what the result would be when their own duplicity and cruelty were published to the world. After ten days of rest Major Li announced his intention of continuing his journey home, his destination being Shan-tung, and he began preparing the elder brother for the journey. Kan-en was not allowed to go with them. It had been the instructions of Colonel Lo that he should remain with the teacher at Pao-ting-fu until he could come from Peking to take the child with him to his home in Shan-si.

It was a hard blow to the boys to think of being thus widely separated from each other. Major Li would gladly have taken with him the little fellow he had been compelled so reluctantly to part with, but he dare not do so. He had no more right to him than had Colonel Lo.

The children clasped each other about the neck, took fast hold of their short queues, and wept bitterly. They had never been separated before except the few weeks at Peking. They were without father, mother or sisters, and they pleaded to be allowed to go together. Major Li and the teacher tried to comfort them by

offering them money. They would buy them candy, fruit, nuts, but all to no purpose. They finally threatened punishment, and as a last resort they were compelled to separate them by force. The scene would have been ludicrous if it had not been sad. In their efforts to separate the two children they clung the more tenaciously to each other's queues, the elder all the time calling to the younger, "Kick him, Kan-en! kick him, Kan-en!" while Kan-en through his tears was sobbing, "Hold fast to my queue, brother; do not let go."

Chung Kan-en

But the major and the teacher were too strong for them and they were finally separated, K'ao-en to go with the major to Shantung and Kan-en to remain with the teacher at Pao-ting-fu until Colonel Lo should come to take him to Shan-si, never perhaps to see his elder brother again.

When the children were finally separated they dried their tears and submitted without a murmur. They had fought valiantly, they had been overcome not by numbers but by force, and they submitted at once as prisoners of war. As Major Li was about to start with the elder he remarked to the teacher:

"If we had an army like these we would not have been defeated by the 'foreign devils,'" for-

getting, it is to be feared, that there was "foreign devil" in the boys, and with this he drove away, the boys the while shouting good-byes to each other.

"Come, Kan-en," said the teacher after the others had departed, "you must begin your studies now. Colonel Lo expects you to be a great general some day, when you are grown up."

"I do not want to be a great general."

"Why not?"

"Would I not have to kill people?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, I do not want to kill folks."

"What would you like to be, then, if not a general?"

"What can you be if you do not study?"

The teacher understood the import of this question and was ready with a proper answer:

"You will have to be a beggar or a coolie."

Kan-en thought for a moment, heaved a sigh, and went at once to his books.

There were times, however, when, either because of the heat or because of that disposition natural to the average small boy, and Kan-en was a very natural small boy, he wished that books had never been invented. It was at such times the teacher said, "Kan-en, if you do not be a good boy and study we will throw you away."

Nothing the teacher could have said, nothing

he taught him during those months, made such an impress on that homeless, lonely child. That is the one thing he learned which he will probably never forget.

When Colonel Lo came he took the boy and his teacher with him to Shan-si. For months they wandered from place to place, living in inns or soldiers' tents. Kan-en was kept at his studies, clothed like a little prince, and given everything that was calculated to entertain a lonely child during play hours and win his affection for a new parent. After some months, orders came for the colonel to go to Shan-tung.

"Do you suppose we will see K'ao-en there?" asked the child, as they traveled over the long, lonely, rocky road.

"Perhaps so," answered the teacher.

VI

For some days after Chung and his family arrived at the Methodist mission they saw terrible sights.

Scarcely an hour passed that did not witness the arrival of the remnant of some family. Parents came without children and children without parents, husbands without wives and wives without husbands, some having witnessed the massacre of their loved ones, others wholly ignorant of their fate. Mr. Wang with his son and youngest daughter had come to the mission and he and Chung tried to go in search of the

other members of their families, but it would have been to no purpose; it only meant the risk of their own lives. The sufferings of the following eight weeks during the siege in Peking have often been described, but none but those who endured them can know what they were.

When the Allies arrived, and the besieged were once more free, their first quest was for those they had lost.

Chung discovered that his father had been massacred while urging the Boxers to cease their bloody work and endeavoring to protect Mr. Wang's family from a fate too awful for description. Of his boys, however, he could learn nothing. Yes, they had been seen, but no one knew whether they were alive or dead.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

Chung instituted a search in every direction. He sent letters to distant places, until even Major Li, in far-away Shan-tung, heard that he was alive and searching for his boys, and he at once wrote the following letter:

"DEAR MR. CHUNG:

"Your boys are both safe in Chi-nan-fu. They will wait here until you come.

"Respectfully,

"LI TIEN-WEN."

Chung sent a telegram.

The following day he sent a letter.

The third day he went himself. He was the first to arrive.

The next day the letter came.

Four days later the telegram arrived.

Such is the condition of the rapid transit facilities of the Middle Kingdom.

Major Li and Colonel Lo delivered his children to him safe and sound, gave him written certificates of their friendship, and, with the exception of his father, they are once more a united and happy family. Meanwhile the boxes —packed so securely and sent to friends for safe keeping—escaped the vigilance of the Boxers but only to fall into the hands of the Allies, who helped themselves to what suited their fancy.

A CHINESE PASTOR'S NARRATIVE

Rev. Te Jui, presiding elder of the Shan Hai Kuan district, tells of his experiences during the Boxer outbreak as follows:

On the 4th of the 5th moon (June 3, 1900), the North China Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Peking. The Boxer societies were organized at an earlier date, and the rumor was spread throughout the country that their object was to exterminate all foreigners as well as native Christians.

While Conference was in session a messenger came from the south of Peking telling us that some of our chapels had been destroyed and many of the Christians killed. We were shocked by the startling news, but supposed the insurrection would soon be put down and therefore give but little trouble. To our surprise it gained ground day by day, until every town and village was full of Boxers.

When Conference closed we hired carts, intending to return to our stations, but the Peking and Tientsin railway was already partly destroyed and we decided to stop in inns close to the depot until the road was repaired. To our great disappointment this was not done, and we

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Mr. and Mrs. Te and their Daughter

BIBLIOTEKA

were forced to return to the mission compound. On every street corner we heard the people talking about killing all the foreigners and native Christians, whereupon I concluded that Peking would not be a safe place if the Boxers succeeded in effecting an entrance, and I contemplated going to T'ang Shan by cart and thence to Shan Hai Kuan by rail.

On the 13th of the 5th moon (June 12) I left Peking for T'ang Shan (four and a half days' journey) but found the inns so filled with Imperial troops that I was forced to turn aside and spend the nights in the seclusion of graveyards. Boxers filled every village through which I passed, and I cannot but feel that it was because of the Lord's protection that I reached Shan Hai Kuan in safety,—to Whom be all thanks!

The local official, being newly appointed and having been requested by his predecessor to protect me, often inquired for my welfare. Ten days after my arrival the Boxers, headed by a tinsmith, Tuan Yi-li, arose and were joined by eight hundred young Manchu soldiers. They intended to burn our chapel and put us to death, but I hastened to the official and consulted as to what steps should be taken, and he suggested that the best way to protect the chapel was to turn it into a police station, which he did.

About noon a few days later the Boxers thronged the street, yelling, "Burn the chapel!

Burn the chapel!" I opened the gate for them, but they dared not enter, as our men outnumbered theirs. I sent word to the official but unfortunately he was absent. A few of the yamen runners came, however, to guard the premises, but remained only a day or two. The official soon returned, bringing the startling news that the German Minister had been massacred, and he advised me to close up the place and leave as soon as possible, remarking that if the Powers should conquer China the chapel would be ours, but if China was successful we Christians would likely all be put to death.

He expressed his willingness to hire carts for us to go to Peking, and after he left we packed our things preparatory to leaving in case of emergency. We remained a few days, however, to see what would happen.

On the 3rd of the 6th moon (July 2) the Boxers captured Wang P'u, one of our Christians, and it was rumored that they would burn our chapel at midnight. We waited for them until daybreak but they did not come. We judged that there would be an uprising in the near future and thought it the part of wisdom to hide ourselves in the home of a church member outside the Great Wall.

The next day we turned the chapel over to the official, and the following day the Boxers killed Wang P'u and two other Christians named Pai, a father and his son. Four days later the

chapel was looted and demolished, at which time we were refugees at Neu Yang Kou, seventeen miles from Shan Hai Kuan, lodging with a Christian named Tai Cheng-en.

Many of the people of Shan Hai Kuan knew of my whereabouts and wanted to capture me. I therefore remained with Mr. Tai but two days, during which time I received word that the Boxers were searching for me. I went farther north, to a village called Yung An Tien, taking refuge in the home of a Mr. Hsü. As it was against the rule of the village to lodge strangers I was compelled to go to Li Mu Ch'ang, where I remained three days at the home of one Shang Chin.

News came from Shan Hai Kuan that a reward of one hundred ounces of silver was offered for me. It was soon revealed to them that I was at Li Mu Ch'ang, and a delegation of Boxers and soldiers came to search for me. The way of escape now seemed dark, and on the 11th I was compelled, with much reluctance, to separate from my family, thinking, as we all did, that this was the only chance for safety either for me or them. This was the most painful of all my experiences, and during all those days of hunger, thirst, pain and weariness my eyes turned with hope mingled with despair to the place where I had left my wife. I took with me Tseng Kuo-chih, a graduate of the Peking University and pastor of the Shan Hai Kuan church. We

started at once for Ch'ou Yang outside the Great Wall, traveling thirty-five miles the first day without meeting friend or acquaintance. In order the better to protect ourselves we purchased common blue cloth garments and large straw hats, such as are worn by coolies, and, substituting these for what we had on, we buried the latter in a hole which we scooped out beside the road.

Every place through which we passed was filled with Boxers who talked of arresting those whom they accused of "poisoning the wells," and we afterwards learned that thousands of innocent people were put to death. On the way we were informed that there were so many robbers outside the Wall that few people possessed the nerve to travel there. Five days we dwelt in a cave and we thought of going to Ying K'ou, whence we could sail for Shanghai where our lives would be safe.

Tseng Kuo-chih
("Peter Durst")

We took the train for Chung Hou So and found the cars filled with Boxers who got off at the same place we did. A heavy rain began to fall, and being without a place to lodge, as all the inns were filled with Boxers and soldiers, we decided to return to Shan Hai Kuan, but feared to go directly lest we should meet acquaintances.

We took train but got off at a station thirteen miles from the city, intending first to go to the home of a Christian in the north.

Night came upon us just before we entered the town, and a man emerging from a cornfield recognized my companion, Mr. Tseng, and as he was a probationer he addressed us in an undertone.

"Where are you going?" he inquired.

"To the home of Mr. Pai, in the next town."

"The men who are searching for you are lying in wait at the home of Mr. Pai."

Once more we thanked God for his message of protection.

We hurried on a little further north and spent the night in a cave. We wanted to go to the North Mountains but did not know the way, nor could we hire a man to take us, and as the villagers knew we had been here we thought it not safe to remain lest they search us out and hand us over to the Boxers.

We left the cave for some safer dwelling place, but as we had had nothing to eat for two days we were getting faint. We made an effort to go on, hoping to find some hole in which to hide ourselves, but, alas! we did not know which road to take. We started toward Chin Men Kuan, but a Christian overtook us telling us not to go that road, as the Manchu soldiers were guarding the gate. He advised us to go by the Yellow Mountain Top.

The path was rocky and irregular; we had blisters on our feet; we suffered both from hunger and thirst; yet we dared not approach a spring lest we be arrested on the charge of "poisoning the wells."

We passed a graveyard where there were about a dozen men lying around, but we were not noticed. We had gone but a few hundred yards when we were asked by a stranger if we had seen a body of men from Shan Hai Kuan who were in search of Christians. We replied that we knew nothing about them, but as we passed on we were convinced that he referred to the company we had just noticed, and we thanked God for his protection.

Toward nightfall we arrived at Chin Kuan, but it was so dark that we knew not where to go. We inquired of an old man if there was an inn in the place. He replied that there was one, but that it had been closed the day before lest Christians should stop there, which if Boxers discovered they would burn the building. We begged him to take us in for the night and finally he consented to do so, taking us to his home, where he gave us a good supper. The village was Ho Chia Chuang, and the old man we learned afterwards was the proprietor of the inn.

The people here informed us that the Boxers had burned the churches at Shih Men Chai and Huang T'u Ying, and had killed a Christian

named Chiang Tung. Having heard this we started on toward Hai Yang Chun, intending to discover if possible whether our Christians had moved away or if they were still there. We met no one by the way, we could buy no food in the mountains, and our feet were so blistered that we could walk no further. Happily two camel drivers offered to carry us to the village for thirty cents. They first took us to their home and gave us food, and once more we thanked God "for a good square meal." We then continued on our way toward the foot of the North Mountains to see a Christian named Li Chü. We say Christian, though he was such a poor representative of the faith he professed that the Boxers never thought it worth while to arrest him, as he was always ready for a fight. He took us in at once and entertained us for several days. His place being so near Shan Hai Kuan we feared it would not be safe to remain there and we went farther north, where we lived in a cave over the mouth of which the grass and weeds were so dense as to shield it from view. In this cave was a small pool from which we drank, and Li Chü brought us rice cakes each night at midnight. One day a man gathering fuel cut the grass all about us and I prayed, as I watched him, that he might not discover our hiding-place. He kept cutting closer and closer until it seemed that he must soon take away our screen. Just before he came to the cave, how-

ever, he gathered up his bundles of fuel and went home.

This led us to fear that we might be discovered if we remained there, and so we washed our faces in the little water that was left, the first time we had had water to use for toilet purposes in several days, and returned to Li Chü's. For a month we slept in his house at night and hid in the cornfields by day. Here we were in almost equal danger, for it was with the greatest difficulty we kept him from using a hatchet on the Boxers whenever they came to search his house. Our only prevailing argument was that our lives depended upon his controlling his temper, an argument we were forced to repeat every night in order to secure his submission.

There was no communication between here and Peking or Tien-tsin, nor did we have any idea as to what was happening at the latter places. As it seemed unsafe to remain longer at Li Chü's we said to ourselves, "Whatever happens we will go to Lan Chou." But we dared not go by rail lest we meet acquaintances on the train. Another heavy rain began to fall which left the roads in a bad condition; and though the cities and villages were crowded with Boxers we made our way with much difficulty to Lan Chou. Here we took the train for T'ang Shan, where, as we stepped upon the platform, we met Mr. Wang Mao-yin, who

informed us that he had seen our wives and children with Dr. Wang Hsiang-ho at the Mining Company's Hospital. You can imagine our joy on the reception of such a message. We went to the hospital without delay, where we found our families, whom we had almost given up hope of ever seeing again, as it had been two months since we had separated at Li Mu Ch'ang. God had brought us together once more and we thanked him for his goodness. I asked my wife how she had gotten there and she told me the following story:

MRS. TE'S STORY

After you left us at Li Mu Ch'ang a letter came from Shan Hai Kuan to the effect that the church there had been destroyed and three Christians murdered. When we heard this we trembled with fear, knowing not what to do. Things having come to this pass we concluded that we would have to flee to a distance; but as a dog had bitten my foot I found it difficult to walk, and as there was no place to go, and no one to receive us, we had to possess ourselves with patience.

On the 13th of the 6th moon (July 12) several scores of soldiers and Boxers, well armed, came to Li Mu Ch'ang and took us prisoners, binding my daughter and the wife of Tseng Kuo-chih, intending to kill them, saying at the same time that my husband must be produced and that we must deliver over all our money.

They took a large knife to behead me but finally decided not to do so. Though I begged them with tears they would not release us, but with my wounded foot they compelled us to walk to Yung An P'u. When we had arrived within a short distance of the village we plead to be released, promising them twenty-five dollars if they would let us go. This offer they refused, but stripping us of all we had they told us to flee for our lives or others would come and arrest us. This we essayed to do, but it was no easy task. My daughter was but seventeen years of age, and Mr. Tseng's young wife had their young babe, a child of three months, in her arms. We first hid in a cave in the mountains, knowing that it was a dangerous place to be, for only refugee women would resort to such surroundings; besides there was no place to go to buy food and we almost perished with hunger.

One night we went to a village (Nan Ts'ung P'i) where we met a blacksmith with a large knife in his hand, and seeing our condition he thought to injure us. We hurried on but he followed for a distance of at least two miles. We hid ourselves in a mountain gorge, where it seemed as if no one had ever been before, and thus finally escaped him. The following morning at daybreak we went to another village and begged for something to eat, as we had had nothing for two days and we were weak with

hunger. Thence we went to Wang Chia Chiang, where we dwelt in the mountains five days with nowhere to go for food.

We sent a letter to Shih Ho, to a Christian, telling him of our difficulties and dangers and asking him if possible to bring relief. He sent a man with two carts to take us to his village where we remained a week or more. A man came to arrest us, but we fled during the night and thus escaped under cover of darkness.

In our flight we were surrounded by a crowd of people who came with knives and clubs to carry off my daughter; but a man named Sun, moved by the wickedness of their conduct and intentions, gathered about him a company of well-minded people who protected us from this danger, conducting us to a place where we hid for a fortnight. The cursing and persecution, the insults and abuse, which were heaped upon us during these days neither tongue nor pen could picture nor describe.

When every door seemed closed against us a man named Chu, who was in no way connected with the church or with foreigners, out of pure sympathy for us in our destitution risked his own life to take us back to Shan Hai Kuan, where he hoped our lives would be safe. We knew we were between two fires. We could not long remain thus, going about the country suffering all sorts of obloquy, and perhaps finally be-

ing outraged or put to death, if indeed we did not starve. To go backward or forward seemed alike perilous, but after long consultation we decided to take a large cart and return to the city, though we knew not what would befall us. To those whom we recognized on the way we appeared as strangers. We remained one night in the greatest fear, but were so exhausted that we slept, and received no injury. The following day we came to T'ang Shan, where we have been living with Dr Wang in the hospital, and where we have had rest and peace until the present moment.

When my wife had finished her story I could but feel that what I had suffered was not worth mentioning in comparison with the nervous strain imposed upon herself, Mrs. Tseng and my daughter, and I said as much to her.

"Perhaps so," she replied; "there will be all grades and shades of suffering during these persecutions."

As she spoke the wife of another of our young preachers stepped into the room, having heard of our arrival, and my wife asked her to tell us her story, "which," she said to me, "is much more touching than my own."

Mrs. Chou, for that is her name, after some urging on our part and some tears on her own, related her experience as follows:

Mrs. Chou and Family

MRS. CHOU'S STORY

When the Boxer troubles began my husband was stationed at Mi Yun Hsien, about forty miles north-east of Peking. We had five children, the youngest of whom was but twenty days old, and as we knew not what was best to be done we wrote to our presiding elder asking him what we would better do.

He answered, "If you can come to Peking I will receive you with pleasure, but if you cannot come you would better flee at once."

Acting upon this suggestion we left all we had, except such things as we could easily carry, and left our home for we knew not where and we knew not what. We spent a day and a night in the open desert place, hungry and thirsty, and for four hours begged for food but no one would help us because, as they said, we were "rubbers of red and buriers of medicine,"* and they ordered that the village bell be rung, wishing at the same time to bind us and send us back to Mi Yun Hsien for punishment. We begged them with tears not to do so, and offered them money if only they would give us water to quench our thirst and asked to be allowed to remain on the street and rest awhile, but they drove us from the village.

We were without human aid and so we prayed that the Lord would open a way, while

* See p. 102.

we also begged a donkey driver to take us outside the Great Wall. The roads were bad, he said, they had no feed for their donkeys and feared they would starve, and he added that no matter how much money we offered them they would not go. They pitied us, and especially the children, and offered to take us back to Mi Yun Hsien and we finally consented to go. When we were yet seven miles from the city, weary and worn, we begged of a home that they would take us in for a while. At first they refused, but when we gave them money they relented and allowed us to remain half a day.

We then went to the home of a relative of one of the Christians in a mountain gorge and asked to stay there, and as he was a good man he received us with pleasure and treated us kindly, and as they were poor we paid them for their hospitality and remained with them three days. Three times the village rabble came to arrest us on the ground that we were "rubbers of red and buriers of medicine."

We wished for death, but death does not come for the wishing. They arrested us and were about to take us before the official; nor would they release us until we had given them thirty-one ounces of silver, after which they drove us out to the caves and gorges in the mountains where we once more felt the pangs of hunger and thirst. The children cried all day, and this was harder to endure than our own hunger. At

night we returned to the home of a Christian one mile from the city, where we lived two days. The people came at night to take us and the good people of the town urged that we return to our own home village, saying that if we refused to do so they could not be surety for our lives.

We hired a cart and at night started on our way. When we arrived at Chi Chou the Boxers stopped us, saying that we were deceivers and that the children were stolen, and not our own, and they took us before the headman for examination. The Lord was by our side and we did not fear. In their examination they obtained no evidence, and when they saw we were not afraid they concluded that we were not bad people and set us free. Thence we went to Wu Men. The carter had been very much frightened at Chi Chou, and as he refused to go farther we hired two donkeys and continued on our way.

We passed through P'ing An Ch'eng, where the Boxers had burned the church and where later the Christians from that whole region were taken to be slaughtered. When we saw the disturbed condition of the city we thought it not best to stop at the inn, but rested on the street for a few moments while we ate a bite from the stall of a traveling restaurant. Thence we went to Kung Li, to the home of a relative who allowed us to remain one night but drove us out in the morning, and we hid in the mountains.

The Boxers with their long knives went to search the mountains, hoping to kill us, and as we could find no good hiding place I took the five children and went down the mountain side leaving my husband there alone. I hid in the village, but as the church and homes of all the Christians had been destroyed it was truly pitiful. That day the Boxers gathered in force in the village and captured two of the Christians, whom they carried off to P'ing An Ch'eng to kill and burn.

Seeing that things were so bad I took the children to a desert place, and when it was night and there was none to see I returned to the village. The people feared I would be killed and so urged me to leave, and in cover of the darkness I fled to the South Mountains. They were treeless, and the heat was intense, and as I was without food or drink, with five children, the eldest of whom was but ten years and the youngest little more than a month, they all wept bitterly and wanted to return to the village. I yielded to their entreaties, but when the villagers saw me they begged me to leave, saying that the Boxers were seeking all newcomers, and as they did not want to see me killed they urged me to go.

It was late, the children were tired and sleepy, and I could not move. When they saw how impossible it was for me to go anywhere with these five sleepy children they pitied me and hid us in

an old mill that had been partially burned. All day long the Boxers sought for newcomers, whom they intended to kill; and all night they passed and repassed the place where I was hid. I could hear their footsteps, but I was in the hands of the Lord and they failed to find me; nevertheless they caught and killed one of the Christians and nailed his head to the wall of the church—a ghastly sight to see.

Once more I fled to the mountains while it was yet dark, but the children were ill with the heat of the sun and there seemed not the faintest hope of our escaping. After repeated efforts to save the children I found that I must abandon my infant or lose them all, so I left it by the roadside begging strangers to care for it, and hid with the others several days in the mountains. One morning at daybreak a messenger came to tell me that the Boxers intended to search for us, which when we heard we went to a small village near by where we were concealed two days longer.

The people feared the Boxers and drove us out, and for ten days we were in the sun-scorched mountains where we almost perished. The Boxers caught one of the Christians (Liu Pei-chai) and forced him to assist them in their search. Though we met them he purposely failed to recognize us, and when they had passed we hid in the broomcorn fields a day and a night. I discovered that my husband was concealed

in a melon store and asked the proprietor to allow us to hide with him; but when I arrived one of the elders urged the villagers to arrest us, which was forthwith done. My husband was first bound and taken to the temple after which they came to take me. When I saw them I was frightened, and asked them where they had taken my husband; to which they only answered, "Attend to your own affairs and do not meddle with his." The villagers urged that, if the Boxers wanted me to do so, I should go with them, assuring me that if I fled they would take some one else in my stead. I found that the people were very much frightened and I decided to follow my husband. When I arrived I found they had bound him to take him to P'ing An Ch'eng, and I wept and begged them to set him free. The elders answered, "If you were our own relative we would not listen to your appeal. We are going to take him to P'ing An Ch'eng where the Boxers may kill him."

My husband, to comfort and quiet me, said, "Never mind; let them do as they wish." The villagers took me to another place and the elders and Boxers carried my husband away to kill him. I was told that when he was killed he showed no fear, but with joy his spirit ascended to the Father in heaven.

I took the children and left the village, and when the villagers saw me in want they urged me to bind out the children and marry

again. I answered, "I will die before I will do so."

Rev. Chang Pai-lin, hearing of our destitute condition, consulted with Dr. Wang Hsiang-ho, and at night they brought me here, to T'ang Shan, where in sadness over the loss of my husband who was killed, and the babe I was compelled to abandon, I have lived for the sake of the little ones who still remain.

After we had been in T'ang Shan but three days we heard that both Peking and Tientsin had been taken. I visited the latter place, where I met the Rev. Mr. Pyke, a thing for which I hardly dared to hope, for we were prepared to hear that all the missionaries had been killed. Our greeting was such as I can imagine might take place between two who had been raised from the dead. We felt that we were born again. I was told that the Allied Forces would occupy Shan Hai Kuan and I hoped that it would soon be possible for us to return to our work. I brought my family to Tientsin, where we all knelt and thanked God for his presence with us in time of danger.

Chang Pai-lin

THE STORY OF SINAH, WIFE OF PASTOR CH'EN

When Mr. Ch'en went to Conference the Boxer trouble had not begun, but when he returned to Lao T'ing, less than two weeks later, the Boxers were like grasshoppers which the wind had brought, infesting the entire country, and as a consequence Lao T'ing was in confusion.

Ch'en Heng-te

A report was circulated that he had brought four large guns, with several foreigners, and had hidden them in the church, and the next day (Sunday, June 24) the people came to church in crowds like those who go to market. We told them the story was false, but they would not believe us, and as the crowds continued to come during the following days the official sent to ask Mr. Ch'en to come and see him, advising him to flee, which we did on the following day, arriving at Ch'ang Li Hsien in the evening.

We had heard that there was an English war vessel at Pei Tai Ho, the summer resort of North China, but it was reported that it had

sailed away, taking the foreigners to Tientsin or Chefoo. The news that the vessel had departed brought tears to our eyes. We knew not where to go nor what to do, as we were hoping, if the worst came, to flee with the foreigners to a place of safety. Every door behind us was closed and there was no way to go forward. Our four children were small and I was myself in no condition to travel. We were in a sad plight. We prayed to the Lord to open a way, and in this uncertain condition remained for two days at a Chinese inn. While here we saw some of the Lan Chou and An Ke Chuang Christians returning to their homes in carts, but as we could devise no measures for our own conduct or safety we remained two days longer at the inn.

While here some of the Christians from An Ke Chuang came with carts offering to take us to that place and allow us to dwell in the church. After pondering the matter for a moment we concluded to go; first, because we feared if we remained we would be persecuted to the extent that we would deny our Lord; second, because all the people at An Ke Chuang were Christians, and if it were the Lord's will that we should be put to death we would have about us those who would stimulate our faith, and would die among those who gave up life with a cry of joy and not with those who were without hope, and so we went with them the following day.

The conditions there were better than elsewhere. The church at Lan Chou had already been closed, as was that at An Ke Chuang a few days later, and the people advised the Christians to worship idols, in which case they thought they could protect them. Things had come to this pass when we heard that it was all quiet at T'ang Shan, and Mr. Ch'en went to see if the report was true. He found Dr. Wang Hsiang-ho, one of China's most faithful Christians, who invited us to come at once and he would prepare a house for our reception.

You can imagine our joy on hearing this. He found us three rooms, which Mr. Chang Mao-lin helped us to clean and put in order, but certain ruffians who saw him going in and out of the house made uncomplimentary remarks and then reported to the official that we were "devils of the second order," and that if we were allowed to remain some great calamity would befall the place, quoting the proverb: "He who harbors a devil is like the devil." We therefore seemed to be without hope and placed ourselves in the hands of the Lord.

After a few days we heard that a boat was about to leave Lao T'ing for Chefoo and if we desired to go we were at liberty to do so, as the captain would be glad to give us passage. We thought it an excellent opportunity and went to Pien Liang T'ing, but were told that the boat had sailed the day before, and we were left in a

sad plight. In the evening we heard that robbers were on every hand. The next morning ten men with swords and spears came to arrest us, demanding everything we had, but offering to set us free and allow us to keep our things if we would give them fifty ounces of silver.

During the night we once more fled to An Ke Chuang, where Teacher Kao found us a place to live. This teacher was a graduate of the theological school and for several years a preacher and also teacher in the Lan Chou boys' school. He was a scholarly man and able, but by nature timid and retiring. His life was so blameless and his spirit so gentle that the elders of his village, though not Christian, and sympathizing with the Boxer movement, were persuaded to give him a written statement that neither he nor the other Christians in the village had done any harm, but only good.

He had a generous disposition and a large heart, which he manifested not only in his treatment of us but of others as well. This was the second time we had come to his home and the people of the village forbade us to remain, threatening that if he harbored any strangers they would refuse protection both to him and his house. We begged with tears but they would not relent, and we therefore concluded to return home and if we were killed it should be in our own church.

"Do you fear death?" Mr. Kao inquired.

"Not in the least," we answered.

"If you do not fear death," he continued, "stay, and help us to look after the place. The house is mine and I will entertain whoever I wish. Others shall not control me. Do not weep."

When we heard this we decided not to go. It was at this time and place we heard of the persecutions at Ch'ien An. It was reported that many were killed daily, and the suffering of those who were massacred and those who were left will never be understood except by those who endured it.

The Boxers at An Ke Chuang, when they heard of the success of those at other places, set afloat a rumor that we were using secret charms for the injury of the people and our own protection, and to verify these rumors on the 12th of the 7th month they dug up a stone on which was red paint, which they pretended to believe was medicine, and a crowd of people gathered intending to kill us. The village elders interfered, ordering them to wait until daylight, when they said they would take us before the official.

When Mr. Kao was brought before the magistrate and asked why he had followed the "foreign devils" and accepted their religion he replied: "My emperor issued many edicts declaring the doctrines of the Jesus religion good and permitting all who desired to enter it. Your excellency also said the same in many proclama-

tions. I trusted my emperor and my magistrate. I examined it, and found it indeed good. I believed it, and found it better than I expected. I cannot renounce it. As to our conduct and life, I beg to present the written statement of my village elders."

The magistrate was a just man, above the ordinary mandarin, and Kao Fu Ching and his members were spared. Mr. Kao also risked his life by taking the preachers and their families into his house and feeding them as long as they dared to stay.

Before daylight came we fled to Lan Chou, where we rented a room or two from a non-Christian, hoping to remain here till Peking was relieved. It would be impossible to relate what we endured these two months—petty persecutions which chafed us whenever we moved or whatever we did—but the Lord was with us all the time.

On the 18th of the Second 8th month, when the foreign soldiers came to Lan Chou, it was all quiet; but on the night of the 23rd the Boxers burned the railroad and came into the city to kill the official and the Christians. Fourteen foreign soldiers were already there and drove them away. We could hear the firing distinctly, as it was but a mile away, and we were dreadfully frightened.

During this awful night, surrounded by a howling mob, with people running to and fro and

the firing of the foreigners mingled with that of the Boxers, we were compelled to shut ourselves up in our little hut, and with only such help as my husband could give me our little child was born. But when morning dawned the brave foreign soldiers, though only fourteen in number, had put the Boxers to flight, the fighting had ceased, our little girl was alive, and we were still safe.

Peace was gradually restored. The Lord had protected us and we were more determined than ever to do his work, in the hope that China might never again suffer from such an uprising, and that the blood of our martyrs might be the seed of a pure and prosperous church in the near future.

DR. WANG

Physician in Charge of the Chinese Imperial Railway and Mining Company's Hospital

ONE hot summer day at the hills west of Peking, while working with my teacher on the mysteries of the Chinese language, I received among my mail the following note, written, it will be observed, in a spirit which compels us to overlook any deviation from the established rules of our mother tongue:

"MY DEAR MR. HEADLAND:

"I beg to inform you that my salary has been raised to twenty-four dollars Mexican (about $12.50 U. S. gold) now, per month, and I think it is the chance for me to do something for others. I am very glad to help a boy in school at Peking; it will show that I love the school as my next home, and also that I did not forget the kindness of the mission. Although I cannot do the missionary work of myself, but I always ask my Heavenly Father to help me to have a good conduct to serve Him.

"When you tell me how much I shall pay for a boy in school, I shall send you the money.

"With best regards,

"I am your obedient servant

"WANG HSIANG-HO."

I immediately wrote to Dr. Wang telling him the amount necessary to support a boy, and he promptly responded with a check, which support he has been keeping up ever since.

Dr. Wang Hsiang-ho

It was five years later that a letter came to Rev. J. H. Pyke as follows, as nearly as I can remember:

"DEAR MR. PYKE:

"I awoke this morning about three A. M. I could not go to sleep, and as I tossed from side to side upon my bed the thought came to me, if I should die and go to heaven, and the Lord

should say to me, 'Hsiang-ho, why did you not teach those patients in the hospital the way of salvation?' what answer would I make?

"When I got up in the morning I went to the foreign doctor and asked him if I might have morning and evening prayers with the patients. He told me I might. I would like therefore if you would send me some Bibles and hymn books together with the bill for the same.

"I am your obedient servant

"WANG HSIANG-HO."

For some years before that Dr. Wang had been distributing tracts among the patients at his own expense, and from that time he has been having morning and evening prayers. Of his conduct during the Boxer movement, in addition to what is said of him by Te Jui, Mrs. Ch'en, and Mrs. Chou, I can do no better than give the excellent report of his work written by Rev. J. H. Pyke and printed in *World-Wide Missions* of June, 1901:

"I must tell of one more of the noble band of heroes—thank God, not martyrs, though we praise him for them too.

"Dr. H. H. Wang was trained in Peking University and Medical School. For several years past he has been first assistant in the Imperial Chinese Railway Hospital at Tong-Shan, in charge of such able physicians and surgeons as

Drs. Robertson and Moorehead. He has won voluntary testimonials from both these gentlemen for efficiency, integrity, and painstaking faithfulness. Dr. Wang's heart was more and more drawn to teaching the Gospel to his patients, and he began to consult his pastors in regard to his convictions and a better opening for that kind of work than a government hospital was thought to be. Hearing of this, Dr. Robertson wrote: 'We cannot spare Dr. Wang. He is invaluable to us, and is just the man we want. In the care and treatment of the sick and the management of the finances he is as trustworthy and faithful as an English or American physician could be. I hope you will not think of taking him from us. He may preach, teach, and pray with the patients as much as he wishes, and he could not find a larger opportunity.' Dr. Moorehead continued the privilege. He remained, and several times his salary was raised without his asking it.

"He was conducting services daily when the storm broke. The Europeans all left, but Wang continued his work. The hospital became a refuge for the fugitive preachers, their families and members. At one time he was sheltering and feeding some seventy of our people. Presiding Elder Te Jui and his family found a haven here after six weeks of wandering, hiding, and hairbreadth escapes. God in his wise providence kept this man there and prepared a refuge for

Dr. Wang with a Group of his Patients and Coolies

his people in the very midst of their enemies. Wonderful, yet how like Him!

"When the Russian army came to Tong-Shan the Railway Hospital was taken possession of, with a Russian surgeon in charge and Wang as assistant. In a few weeks he acquired a working knowledge of the new language and the confidence of his chief. Strange to say, the sick and wounded soldiers soon came to prefer his gentle, sympathetic treatment to the rough professional services of their own surgeons.

"To tell of all the good Dr. Wang has done, of the waifs he has rescued and sent to mission schools, of the students he has aided, of the property he provided for a mission chapel, school, and parsonage in a distant city when help could nowhere else be found, would make a long article in itself.

"The sympathetic reader will be sorry to hear that Dr. Wang has a great sorrow. As soon as he could get away he went to his own village, two hundred miles or more from Tong-Shan. When he arrived he found that his dear old father and several near relatives had been murdered. The Boxer neighbors had persuaded his father to stay at home and promised to protect him, but afterward treacherously and cruelly murdered him and destroyed all the property, leaving the family beggars and fugitives.

"Dr. Wang's faith in God was sorely tried. He had prayed daily for his honored, beloved

father. I saw him just as I was leaving and had an hour's talk with him. He said: 'I am so glad to see you before you go. I want to tell you, since I have been home and knew of my father's death I have not been able to pray. It seems no use. I know it is wrong, but can't help it. I did what I could where I was. I could not get home or do anything for my family. But I cried unto God and believed he heard me, and all would be well. And then I found my father had been cut to pieces, and God had not answered.' How many have been tempted in the same way! 'And now,' he said, 'whenever I go to pray something seems to whisper, It's no use; God does not hear.'

"I tried to call his attention away from the earthly scene, where his aged father was surrounded with the fiendish Boxers and being chopped to pieces by them, to the heavenly scene before the great white throne and Him who sits upon it, with his father standing before him and receiving the martyr's crown, surrounded with the holy angels and the great company of the redeemed, who had come up through great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. As the vision dawned upon his mind his heart melted, his eyes filled, faith was restored, and he exclaimed: 'I see. God is good. He doeth all things well. I can pray again.' We prayed together and separated.

"Twenty-four years ago this young man, then a boy of nine or ten years, and all his family were heathen. But for the coming of a poor missionary, a *very* poor one; but for hearing a joyful message of light and life, of salvation; but for the little church, the school, the university, the boy and all his family would have remained ignorant, superstitious heathen. And now behold what *God* hath wrought! 'That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.' Praise ye the Lord!"

THE ADVENTURES OF MRS. CH'IN

When the annual conference of 1900 closed I returned to work as a Bible woman at Tsun-hua, one hundred miles east of Peking. It was but a few days after we arrived that the trouble arose, and the foreigners all fled. There were none left in the compound but myself, my son, the two teachers of the girls' school, Hsu Hui-fang and Liu Wen-lan, and some women. We had none on whom we could depend, none to whom we could go, but the Lord. We met together and prayed, and then decided that it would not be best to remain in the compound.

It did not seem wise for so many of us to leave in a body and we therefore separated into two companies, one to go with Rev. Liu Chi-lun, the pastor of the church, and the other with me as their leader. We went to Pei Hsiang, a village some distance away, in the hope that we might avoid the impending danger, not thinking that the peril there was as great as in the place whence we had fled, but finding it to be so we returned to Tsun-hua. As Pei Hsiang was the home of the teacher Liu Wen-lan she remained there, and thus our company was slightly diminished.

Mrs. Ch'in and Helper

When we returned to Tsun-hua we heard that the mission was already in the hands of the enemy, who had surrounded the compound and were knocking down the gates. It was impossible for us to remain under such conditions and once more we fled—this time in disorder, each going his own way. I went to an inn, in which the only person I knew was an old uncle who asked me to remain. I requested him to go at once and find the schoolgirls and my son. This, however, was not an easy task, for the grain in the fields was high and it would have been as easy for the Boxers to find me as it was for him to discover their hiding-places. He went in search of them but found none except my son, who was concealed behind a small temple, and brought him to me. The girls were in the home of a Mohammedan to whom Rev. Liu Chi-lun promised two hundred ounces of silver if he would protect them.

Since I had no place of my own to which I could go I took my son to the home of an aunt at Nan Ying, who treated us kindly while we remained with her. I explained the doctrine for which we were being persecuted. My aunt forbade me to say anything about Christianity, assuring us that it would only add to our peril, but as my soul was in the hands of the Lord I felt I ought to bear witness to his saving power.

It was soon reported to the head of the Boxers that a "second-rate devil" was hid in my

aunt's home but as they were not strong in that village they feared to arrest me, giving as a reason that I was able to make paper horses and soldiers who would fight in my defense. Their number gradually increased and it was not long until three or four hundred came and carried away all I had, and because I had unbound my feet they pulled off my shoes and threatened to kill both me and my son.

"Cowards!" said one of the bystanders, "would you kill a widow?"

"No," they answered, "but we will kill the boy."

"Ah," continued the bystander in a sarcastic tone, "you are brave men; too gallant to kill widows, just bluster enough to kill children."

This seemed to shame them but they beat him unmercifully. I pleaded with them to kill me and spare my son, but they refused to listen and took him to Ko Lao Wan, two miles away, while I followed close behind begging them all the time.

Something, I know not what, perhaps our desolation, moved their hard hearts, and they finally set him free, and we hid for a time in an old graveyard. While there the devil tempted me to kill myself, persuading me that Jesus would not receive me. We were consumed with hunger and thirst, and nearly spent, when a Taoist priest ninety years old, who was surely sent of the Lord, gave us something to eat.

Although my aunt was not a Christian she did not forget us. She invited us to return, but we dared not be where we could be seen. In the rear of her house a small mud hut contained a hollow clay bed (k'ang) just large enough to accommodate us, and though it was July, and the weather was burning hot, they placed us therein and covered it over with boards. We thanked God that he had spared our lives, but they had beaten my boy until he bled and he could not eat. He must also have been hurt inwardly, as he had constant hemorrhages, but he gradually recovered and we remained in that hot, dusty, dirty k'ang ten days without being discovered. But our enemies saw them bringing us food, reported it to the Boxers, and they came to kill us. They beat my boy and would have killed him, but the good men of the village interfered and once more they set us free.

As the villagers objected to our remaining there I thought it the part of wisdom to return to my mother-in-law's. On our way we saw the Boxers at a distance and hid ourselves in a gully until they had passed, when we continued on our way to Liang Tzu Ho. We were uncertain of the road and prayed for guidance, but found it necessary to turn aside and go to my uncle's again.

He treated us with the utmost consideration but his wife drove us from the house. That night we had no place to go. We could not

wander about all night, as we had done during the day, and so returned to their mill-house and my uncle made us a place to sleep in their fuel shed. There were days when they gave us one meal only, and then days when we had nothing. My aunt was furious at our being there and often beat and reviled us, fulfilling Matt. x, 35–37. There were nights when we were so hungry that my boy went out upon the street and picked up the melon peel that had been thrown away and brought it in for food.

My uncle was exceedingly kind and spent not less than fifty dollars trying to protect us, at the same time saying confidentially to the Boxers if they found us anywhere not to injure or kill us, thus leading them to think that he knew nothing of our whereabouts. We were thus secreted in his fuel shed and were not allowed to go out until the trouble was over, when we found ourselves still alive but without means, food, clothing or home.

When the cold weather came my uncle gave us money to buy clothes and my brother built us a home out of weeds and grass. I inquired if the girls were all saved but found that the two teachers, Hsü Hui-fang and Liu Wen-lan, together with several of the school girls, had been killed.

THE STORY OF THE STUDENTS OF PEKING UNIVERSITY

Our first special anxiety was caused by the report that the railway station had been destroyed and the news from our church at Pachou, where Wang Mao-yin was stationed, that the chapel keeper Chu had been murdered.*

Wang Mao-yin

A meeting was called at the American Board mission at which there were present the leading native Christians of all the churches in Peking, the purpose being to consult as to the best method of conduct for the Chinese in case the Boxers succeeded in effecting an entrance to the city. After a prolonged discussion, during which it was suggested that all the native Christians rendezvous at their present place of meeting, they adjourned without reaching any definite conclusion as to what would be best to be done; though it is not probable that any one of all

* When the news of the death of his friend reached the chapel keeper Han at Yen Ch'ing Chou he was so shocked that he died that same night.

that company apprehended that the government would allow the disturbance to enter the city. When the carts arrived which brought the missionaries from Tungchou they contained but four of their native teachers, their Peking students having been sent to their homes in the city from which they did not join us until after the burning of the missions with which they were connected; thus indicating that all alike were oblivious of the danger which threatened them, though the missionaries from the other missions began at once to gather at our compound.

In addition to the gate keeper we had a foreigner or a Chinese preacher stationed at the gate whose duty it was to record the name of every one that entered, thus preventing the admission of heathen, and to write such descriptions of them as would enable us to recognize them thereafter. This was given to the person himself and he was compelled to use it as a passport whenever he desired to enter or leave the compound. As these descriptions were written in English the holders often got them mixed with those of their friends, which was the source of much amusement as well as trouble.

Our teachers and students who had not yet left for their homes were divided into two parties, those who were married being allowed to live with their wives and families in the mission compound while the unmarried were required

Students of Peking University after the Siege

to dwell in the college; the former being guarded by twenty foreign soldiers while the latter were without protection other than that which the men themselves could afford. We were drilled daily in the use of spears, that we might be able to defend ourselves in case of attack.

Many of us spent our days digging trenches around the church which was to be our last refuge, some of us neither taking off our clothes nor sleeping on our beds for five days and nights. The while we lived on corn-meal porridge. As business was blocked we had great difficulty in getting spades, but finally succeeded in securing about sixty, many of which we were compelled to give to the women and children who were employed in tearing up walks to build barricades around the church. On each side of our trench we stretched barbed wires, so that in case the Boxers succeeded in scaling our wall they would either be caught on the wire or fall into the ditch, in which case we would have time to dispose of them.

A few of the soldiers from a camp stationed just outside our college campus on one occasion came to examine our barricades; the gong was sounded by Teacher Lu as a signal to Captain Hall, who with four foreign soldiers came and marched around the campus, which put an end to all interference from that direction. This same Teacher Lu mounted several pieces of stove

pipe, the ends of which were covered with red cloth, at the upstairs windows of the college building, which made a fair ruse of being large guns.

The night the Boxers entered the city on their burning and killing expedition we all rushed to the church. We knew not at what moment we might be attacked, but they came no nearer than the Great Street. Thereafter when we went on the street to buy vegetables or other provisions we were never without our rifles, which when the people saw they gazed at us with open mouth but they never refused to sell us what we needed.

"One day when I was at my post on the top of the hospital," says Teacher Ch'en Wei-ch'eng, "I saw a man go within the border of our barricades. Raising my rifle I pointed it at him, saying,

"'This is the last of you.'

"'Don't shoot,' said he, falling on his knees and begging for mercy.

"'What are you doing in here?' I inquired.

"'I missed my way and got inside your lines by mistake.'

"'Go, then, and do not make the same mistake again,' I commanded him."

Those of us who could speak English most fluently were used as interpreters for the marines, each post having two interpreters who were on duty seven hours at a time. We scanned the

bulletin boards to see what orders the foreigners received from their Ministers and what news they had as to the condition of affairs outside.

When the order came for us to go to the Legation we carried our bedding and whatever other things we could on our backs; though many were so frightened, and in such haste to get away, that they stopped for nothing, not even a change of clothing. The students were at the rear of the line of march up Legation Street. When we arrived in front of the Italian Legation we were stopped and compelled to wait for half an hour, not knowing whether we were to be admitted or not, until finally Major Conger came and gave the order, and Dr. Morrison met us on horseback and led us to Su Wang Fu, which from that time we called the "Rock of Ages cleft for us." Here we remained in an open court in the hot sun with nothing to eat or drink for four hours, during which time the infants and children suffered especially from hunger, thirst and heat. Dr. Saville brought some boiled water from the British Legation, but among so many what she could carry was as nothing; nevertheless it quenched the thirst of the little ones, and made them a little more comfortable, though they cried bitterly for food.

About four o'clock we got into the Fu and at once Mr. Ewing headed a gang of Christians and led us to a grain shop, to the proprietor of which we said, "We want flour and rice. If we

live we will pay you for it, but if we are killed you will be the loser."

"Take what you want," said he, seeing that he had no alternative.

We took several bags of flour and fermented rice and when we reached the Fu found some huge iron kettles, with plenty of coal, and in a short time each one of us was feasting on a large flour cake with some salted vegetables, after which we prepared a large sleeping room for the women and children while the men slept in the open court.

The firing had begun at four o'clock, but we were all so tired that we went to sleep and let them fire.

The next day we formed ourselves into a committee of eight—one from each of the Protestant missions and four from the Roman Catholic—the duty of which was to provide men for the foreigners in charge of the various departments, whether of Defenses, Provisions, Sanitary Arrangements, or General Labor, and to see to the relieving of gangs and the preparation of food for the workmen. This, however, was only for seven days, for by that time the Fu was untenable by civilians, being under constant fire from the Boxers and Chinese soldiers, and as several of our number had been wounded and some killed we decided to move into the Mongol encampment, leaving only the Japanese soldiers and a few bands of Chinese Christians,

armed with spears or guns, to defend the place. The Chinese had already taken a part of the Fu and had brought in a cannon to complete their conquest. When the Japanese saw this they determined to capture it.

"Who will go with me to capture that gun?" asked the officer.

"We will," said a company of Christians, with one voice.

"Be ready to die, then, for we know not who will come back alive."

"We will follow where you lead."

"Come on, then," said he, at the same time making a sally to capture the gun. They had almost reached it when their leader was shot down. They picked up his dead body and carried it back to the barricades but failed to capture the gun.

It was amusing to see how little consideration was felt by many of the foreign soldiers for those whom we had always had the highest respect. For instance, our head professor, who weighs not less than two hundred and fifty pounds, was taken by a common French soldier at the point of the bayonet to do coolie work. As Professor Lu could not make himself understood as being the head of the General Committee he did the wisest thing he could under the circumstances—went. Fortunately for him he met someone who could communicate with the Frenchman, to whom he appealed.

"What are you going to do with this man?" said his friend.

"Taking him to dig trenches," answered the soldier.

"You cannot do anything with such a big man as he is; if you get him into your trench you will never get him out again."

And so, on the promise that he would get him a man to do his work, Teacher Lu was set free. Two of our teachers, one a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University the other of DePauw, were given control of a gang of coolies, most of whom were our own students, and put to work on the defenses or in the trenches, another was placed in charge of the scavenger work, while our teacher of English was transformed into a messenger boy; our hours being from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M., and in time of special danger we were often kept on duty all night. Those of us who worked in the trenches suffered many hardships, having to work in a pouring rain or a scorching sun, often up to our knees in mud, with nothing to eat but a bowl of fermented rice, and not infrequently we were called out at night to help fight the fire.

But those of us who were at work on the barricades were in more immediate danger from the bullets of the enemy. We realized that for the safety of all it was necessary that the lives of the foreigners be preserved, so that we often occupied without hesitation the most exposed positions in barricade-building rather than allow our

foreign leaders to do so. In spite of this but one of our number was killed while carrying bricks, though many were wounded. Often our hearts almost failed us as we ran through the exposed places to build up the barricades or stood filling sandbags while the shot fell like hail all around us, with an occasional shell or cannon ball whizzing overhead or striking the wall we were building.

The danger to which those who were messenger boys were exposed was equally great, for no matter how thick the shot and shell were falling they were compelled to go from legation to legation, indeed when the danger was greatest their services were most in demand. One traversing the streets was especially exposed. This was particularly true in crossing the Legation Street bridge, where he was an open target from four directions. Often they would wait until there was a lull in the firing and then cross with a rush, not infrequently with the cannon balls or bullets whizzing past their ears or over their heads.

Every one had his special work assigned him, and he was under a "boss" who, in case he shirked, went with him to Mr. Hobart, who had charge of the meal tickets, and ordered that no ticket be given him. There were foreigners also appointed to take charge of the food supply and see that no one got more than his single cup of fermented rice, except at such time as we were

treated to the entrails, head and feet of the mule that was killed for the Europeans, which we received with pleasure, thankful to get anything to fill our stomachs.

During the time that gunner Mitchell was making his fruitless efforts to construct a cannon out of a pump, when several of our boys were rummaging through a junk shop one of them discovered an old gun. This was afterwards mounted and became the famous "Betsy" of the siege. A man who had formerly been a Buddhist priest, but had been converted and joined the church, was rehabilitated in his original Buddhist garb and let down from the city wall at night, in order if possible to secure for a Japanese officer some copies of *The Peking Gazette.* The next day he was caught by the Boxers and condemned to death, but finally released by the head Boxer because he was "really a priest." He discovered a large amount of arms and ammunition in a Buddhist temple which he afterwards revealed to Col. Robe, and for which he was liberally rewarded.

It was one of the students in our industrial department who, being sent as a messenger to Tientsin, met General Gaselee immediately after the battle at Yang Ts'un, delivered his letters, and received the assurance that the Allies would be in Peking within five days. This was important news to us, as we had cut down rations to one cup of rice a day and were numbering the

men for another cut when he got in. We were all discouraged. But our spirits rose with the tidings he brought.

Aaron Li, the son of one of our leading preachers, says:

"I was a coolie in those days, building barricades and digging ditches. One day while working in a ditch a bullet went through my right leg, but in twenty days I was as well as ever and back at my coolie work again."

His brother Moses was engaged in the same work, and when asked about his experiences during the siege he replied,

"Oh, nothing happened to me except that my hands became blistered and my feet got pustules on them."

A number of the students had returned home before the Boxers reached Peking and none were placed in more serious situations than they. One, the only Christian in the family, was about to be delivered over to the Boxer chief by his elder brother, to prevent their troubling the rest of the family, when his mother interfered, saying,

"No, he shall not be given up."

"But what will you do with him?" asked the brother.

"I do not know. Cannot you think of a plan for his safety?" said she to his uncle.

"I know of no better way than to shave his head and make a Buddhist monk of him," replied the uncle.

"No," said the lad; "I will die rather than deny my Lord." And he adds,

"It was beyond my fondest hopes that I was not killed, and that I am still a Christian and not a monk."

Another of the boys with his father went to the home of a friend. Here they hid for two days. Being obliged to leave this place they fled under cover of the darkness to a place twenty miles away, called the "Jade Mountain," where they remained a few days longer. Pursued by the Boxers they went to a small town two hundred and fifty miles from their home and put up at an inn. Here the Boxers came to inspect all guests, to find if there were any Christians among them.

"Examine me first," said the father, presenting himself before them.

"Take off your cap," said the head Boxer.

He did so. They first rubbed his forehead between the eyes and above the nose to see if there were a cross there, for the Boxers believed that all Christians could be detected by this sign, and many Christians were so afraid that it was true that they felt compelled to wear a hat drawn down over their forehead all summer. Finding no cross, they breathed lightly on the spot to see if the cross could be brought out in this way, but none appeared.

"You are not Christians," said the Boxers, "or you would have a cross there."

Durbin Hall, Peking University

The father and son then purchased pens, ink and books and visited all the native schools as booksellers; but this proving unprofitable business, and their money being exhausted, they hired themselves with a family to work for their board, which position they kept till the Boxers were dispersed.

In some cases whole families fled to the Great Wall and remained in one of the towers until all danger had passed; others went to the homes of relatives but only to be told that it was impossible to receive them, as those who entertained Christians, even though they were members of their own families, would be regarded as followers of the foreigners. Two of the students fled to Mongolia, laboring as common day-laborers to secure food on the way, and there found positions as teachers of schools; instead of "boarding around" the children brought them small quantities of money or meat, as was most convenient to their parents.

At the close of the siege a number of the graduates and most of the members of the higher classes were employed as interpreters for the officers and soldiers until school opened, or until the country was in a sufficiently settled condition to justify them in returning to their work. When duty called they promptly gave up positions in which they were getting $50 to $100 per month and returned to their work, as preachers or teachers, on $5 to $10 per month.

EXPERIENCE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE PEKING GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

In the spring of 1900, the 26th year of Kuang Hsü, commencement was to have occurred on the 10th of the 5th moon. On the 11th we were to go home, but on account of the Boxer uprising the examinations were four days earlier, being completed on the 6th, and it was decided that we might return home with the preachers at the close of Conference. It had never occurred to us that the persecutions would be so fierce that this hope could not be realized.

As it became obvious that we must forego all expectation of seeing our parents, and as the daily reports of the Boxer disturbances came in from all sides, the girls became more and more agitated. There seemed to be nothing on which we could depend, and we resolved to place ourselves, body, soul and spirit, with all we had, in the hands of the Lord. All day we gathered in twos and threes, or in a general group, and spent the time in prayer. We sang, but it was in our hearts; for we dared not utter a sound, knowing that Tung Fu-h'siang's soldiers, who held the city wall beside the school, were ready to destroy us at any moment.

Students of Peking Girls' School

On the evening of the 11th a messenger came on horseback to say that it was the intention of a band of hoodlums to loot the school and carry away the girls. On hearing this the principal informed us that we must watch and be ready at any time during the day or night, for if the Boxers came she would ring the bell, which would be the sign that we must all gather at once in the schoolroom, her idea being that if we were to die we would all die together. When we heard this we were frightened almost to death. We could not sleep, or if we slept it was but for a moment, for we dared not take off even our shoes. Most of the night we spent in prayer When the morning dawned clear and bright the Boxers had not come and our hearts were filled with gratitude. From this time forward the Boxers thought of nothing except our injury, and our principal exercised all her ingenuity in devising ways and means of preserving our lives.

On the evening of the 12th we were ordered to prepare to go and sleep in the church, as twenty foreign soldiers had come from the American Legation and were then guarding the place. At six in the morning we returned to the school. All day the men built barricades and watched for the enemy; and the girls, not being able to work, received the women refugees, prepared them food, and kept watch lest the enemy burn our buildings.

On the night of the 13th the Boxers deter-

mined to get the blood of the school girls to offer in sacrifice to their gods. In the evening we gave ourselves into the Lord's hands and went to sleep in the church; for it had been so well fortified that it was hoped they would not be able to break in, and if they did it would be a good place from which to go to heaven.

On the morning of the 14th we again thanked the Lord for raising us as it were from the dead, but throughout the day we knew not what an hour, a minute, a second, might bring forth. Daily we thanked the Lord for what was passed and prayed for protection in the future. Once more, on the 15th, the Boxers determined that they would have our blood for their gods, but again they were foiled. At midnight on the 16th, just outside the city wall opposite the school, night was made hideous by a vast multitude of Boxers screaming at the top of their voices, "Kill! kill!" We thought they would surely effect an entrance during the night, but when morning came we were once more able to thank the Lord for protection.

On the evening of the 17th they burned the street chapel and other churches and missions throughout the city, and the 18th was spent in guarding against their entrance to the compound or burning our buildings. Since they had failed to get our blood on the 15th they decided that they would have it on the 19th, but once more they were unsuccessful. If they came by day-

light we were ordered to gather in the north room of the school where the soldiers could protect us.

The school court was large, and it was feared that if they came upon us suddenly in our surprise we would suffer defeat; we therefore stationed girls in the upstairs rooms to keep a lookout and warn us if they came. We were divided into six companies and kept watch from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. As there were four courts in the compound we put four girls in each company, so that if anything happened in any part of the premises it would be reported at once. This condition of affairs continued until ten o'clock of the 24th, when Mrs. Jewell with a sad face announced to us that the American Minister had ordered all the foreigners to leave the mission and go to the Legation.

When she said this every one of us burst into tears, and while she was trying to comfort us Miss Terrell brought the good news that a second message had arrived saying that not only the girls but all the Chinese Christians should go with the foreigners, and our joy was as great as our grief had been.

It was the next day that the treachery of the Tsung-li Ya-men leaked out. They had previously offered an escort to the foreign ministers to induce them to leave the city, requesting them to go to the Ya-men and talk the matter over, assuring them that the soldiers would meet and protect them and that they stood ready to pro-

tect the native Christians. No one suspected that it was their intention to massacre them, as was the case with the German Minister. Thenceforward we were aware of their deceit and their intention, which was to massacre the Christians as soon as they could induce the foreigners to leave the city.

In harmony with the order of the American Minister we left Hsiao Hsun Hu Tung and fled to Su Wang Fu. Prince Su had been unwilling to give it up, lest he himself should be supposed to be in league with the foreigners, but he told Prof. Janes and Dr. Morrison that they might batter down the gates and he would flee and we would have it, which would prevent his losing favor with our enemies and preserve his head. These two gentlemen made it their business to see that it was habitable and defensible.

When we arrived we pulled dry grass and scattered it about to sit upon. The largest of the buildings was prepared for our accommodation, and in this we dwelt. We arrived there at 4 P. M. and half an hour later an innumerable company of Boxers together with Tung Fu-h'siang's soldiers rushed up Legation Street, intending to massacre all the Christians, but were stopped by the foreign soldiers. As we had just arrived and had but few soldiers we were unprepared to defend ourselves against an enemy which was like the sands of the sea for multitude; we girls therefore resorted to prayer,

Asbury Church, Peking (destroyed by Boxers)

asking the Lord to open a way and help the men to fight, and we soon discovered that Prince Ch'ing's troops had overcome the Boxers for the time.

About all we could do was to make sand bags for our defenders. The bullets fell like hail and we did not dare go out of the house. The Boxers set fire on all sides in the hope of burning us out, and the fiercer the fire burned the closer we clung to the Lord. On the 28th there were conflagrations everywhere and the fighting was almost hand to hand, there being only a wall between our men and the enemy, who were throwing bricks at each other as well as fighting with weapons. The building next to the one in which we were living caught fire and in the twinkling of an eye our house was in flames, and we were compelled to flee. Though we ran directly across the line of battle not one of us was killed, but we had hardly saved ourselves when, to our great dismay, two of our pastors, Wang Ch'eng-p'ei and Liu Chi-hsien, had fallen.

Thence we fled to a pawn-shop. It was now nine o'clock at night and we had not yet had our breakfast. As there was rice in the pawn-shop we set to work to prepare something to eat, but before it was ready fire broke out in the region of our new refuge. We fled to the Mongol Encampment, hoping to be safe there, but as they had succeeded in extinguishing the fire at the Fu we were ordered to return to our orig-

inal dwelling-place. From that time until the 2nd of the 6th month there were fires and fighting every day, and our home was once more almost destroyed.

This time we fled to Chan Shih Fu (the institution that takes charge of the education of the heir apparent), but returned to the large building in the evening. That night "we could not sleep a wink," for the reason that the building was half shot away. We were all huddled together in one corner and one of our number was wounded, and afterwards died. The fire raged; it seemed in reality like a great sun, and we knew not at what moment it would consume us, nevertheless our trust was in the Lord and we were at peace.

On the evening of the 3rd our big building caught fire and was utterly destroyed. We again fled to the Mongol Encampment. That night it was terrible; the Chinese soldiers seemed determined to rush upon and destroy us, but durthe flashes of lightning the foreign soldiers encountered and defeated them and they fled. On the 5th of the 6th month the Boxers took an oath to annihilate us or be blotted out themselves. We prayed that their oath might be fruitless and our prayers were answered.

When our food was almost exhausted we discovered a grainshop where there was an abundance of wheat and broomcorn. As there were not mills enough to grind the wheat we ate it

whole, and what flour we had we saved for the soldiers. It seemed sad that we were idle while the men were overworked, but it was not long until we began sewing again on sand-bags, making thirty, fifty, one hundred a day. Each day we washed clothes for the foreigners in the Legation, as they had brought but few with them, but this was not enough to keep us busy, and so when there were not enough men to do the work Mrs. Jewell divided us up into companies, we wrapped our queues around our heads like boys and joined in the work of carrying bricks.

By the latter part of the 6th month there had been so many of the Chinese killed that the decaying bodies caused a continual stench, as there had been no opportunity to bury them. The Chinese asked for a truce, saying that from this time they would fight no more, but their idea was simply to bury their dead and begin the battle again. Happily the foreigners were not deceived by their wiles, and continued their work of fortification.

All lines of communication between us and the world had been severed and the British Legation repeatedly sent couriers to Tientsin to let the world know of our condition. Each time a courier left we prayed that he might go and return in safety. Every day we anxiously awaited the arrival of the foreign soldiers. On the 19th of the 7th month we heard the firing of their guns and our joy was such that we could

not sleep. On the afternoon of the 20th the first of the troops arrived by way of the Water Gate and they were all in by evening. Thereafter we spent our time washing clothes for the soldiers.

From the Legation we were first moved into a house in the Russian section, but this we soon vacated for the accommodation of the soldiers, and on the 26th of the 7th moon we were finally settled in the American section of the Tartar City, west of the Ch'ien-men.

The character of the food and air during the 6th month had left many of the girls in a debilitated condition which began to manifest itself in fever soon after we reached our new home, and we divided ourselves into committees to care for them. As we had lost all our possessions the principal sought work for us, that we might be able to earn enough with our needles to clothe our backs. But when the 8th month arrived we were still without wadded garments, at which time a Mr. Yang from the Mongol Encampment gave us a large number of old garments which when we washed and altered supplied our needs. These, with what we earned with our needles or by washing, enabled us to provide ourselves with clothes for the winter and we decided to begin our studies.

We were, however, without books. We borrowed what we could from the American Board, but still found it necessary for several girls to

study from the same book. We were also without either schoolroom or dining room, so that we were forced to eat, study and sleep in our chambers. We were without a chapel, but we all gathered together and worshiped in the court. Our hymnals and Bibles were nearly all lost, the entire school having saved but five New Testaments and six hymnals, but a little later Mr. King gave us each a Bible and we bought forty or fifty hymnals. After a few weeks we made such alterations in two of the buildings as to enable us to utilize one for a chapel and the other for a dining room.

When all these things were arranged we began school in earnest, the elder girls acting as teachers for the younger, spending any extra time we had on work which Miss Gilman sold for us whenever she had opportunity. Her kindness to us is beyond the power of words to express, even her salary was spent in purchasing materials for us to use. When she was about to return to America we made a number of dolls which she took with her, hoping that she would be able to sell them there. When we were in our most straitened circumstances we received aid which was subscribed and sent to us by some of the Japanese and Fukien school girls.

Such were some of the experiences of the students of the Peking Girls' High School.

THE FLIGHT OF TEACHERS LIU FANG AND WANG T'IEN-HSIANG

After the Conference at Peking many of the brethren urged Pastor Ch'en Heng-te not to return to his work at Lao T'ing, but his answer was, "Where the flock is there the shepherd should be, and whether we live or die we are in the Lord's keeping." The railroad had been destroyed, and he and Presiding Elder Wang Ch'ing-yün hired carts and we all started across country together. About eighty li from Peking we met the troops of Tung Fu-h'siang on their way to the city, and though we had Christian books in our carts they were not discovered and we suffered no inconvenience. Though the road was quiet all the way to T'ang Shan we did not dare to let the people know we were Christians, and to better prevent inquiry we concluded to call our presiding elder Chang-kuei-ti. Some of the students at times forgot this rule and called him pastor, but a stare or a scowl brought them to their senses and we arrived at T'ang Shan in safety. We knew we were surrounded by danger on every side, yet our method of protecting ourselves by calling our chief pastor "Boss" furnished the younger members of the company with no little amusement.

Liu Fang and Family

The older man is Mr. Liu, head of the Industrial School of Peking University, builder of Durbin Hall and Asbury Church. He was at Tsun-hua superintending the building of the Girls' School when the Boxer trouble began. On his way home he was captured while at the inn, and taken before a Boxer chief, by whom he was liberated. On reaching home he found that his wife had been killed, and his daughter, Mrs. Li (page 217), carried to Prince Tuan's palace. He hid until the trouble was past, and is now helping to rebuild the mission. (The lady in front of him is his wife, the child his son.)

When we arrived in the region of Lan Chou, where Liu Fang was pastor, and principal of the Intermediate School, we could not but compare the conditions with what they were when we left. Two weeks before not a Boxer was to be seen anywhere, now they were like grasshoppers which the wind had brought. Many of the people supposed we had been killed in Peking, and various reports were circulated to the effect that we had brought foreign soldiers and secreted them in the church, with foreign arms for our own defense. On Sunday the people gathered at the church as they gather at a market-place.

We arrived at An Ke Chuang on the 15th of the 5th month. Rumor was rife in all this section, and the Lan Chou church was closed and sealed by the official. During the night Liu Fang brought his wife to An Ke Chuang on a donkey and dwelt with me for a time, and a few days later Pastor Ch'en Heng-te, Wang Mao-yin, P'ang Chan-hai and others fled to this place. On the 12th of the 6th moon the Boxers arose and to avoid trouble the elders of the village closed and sealed the chapel, the Christians scattered, and Liu Fang and I, after sending our wives away to the homes of Christians where we thought they would be safe, remained in the chapel as a guard. The 13th being a holiday a number of Boxers came and examined the church door; the village elders interfered and trouble was avoided, but as the situation

seemed dangerous we spent the night in the homes of Christians. The next day we fled to T'ang Shan, but finding it unsettled there we returned to An Ke Chuang. On the train we met Ch'en Heng-te, who had been to T'ang Shan to prepare a place for his family. At Chang Ke Chuang, north of Lan Chou, we found a place where we could live for a short time and on the 19th we went to Heng Shan Ying. Here we hoped to get a boat for Chefoo, but as Ch'en Heng-te had given up the hope of such good fortune we did the same.

On the 20th the effects of Mrs. Ch'en were seized by the Boxers. Danger seemed to be on every side and so we "slept" in a "lodge in a garden of cucumbers." The night was spent in prayer, and on inquiry we learned that the Boxers had set Mrs. Ch'en free but had kept all her things. We returned to the chapel, where we remained a few days thanking God that no one was killed. Daily we prayed, read our Bibles and conversed about our spiritual condition, becoming more and more firm in our religious convictions and having greater peace.

Rumor arose among the villagers that we were sorcerers, and a disposition was manifested to rob us of all our possessions, but on the 1st of the 7th moon word came from one Han, of the village of Chün Ying, to the effect that he desired to consult with us regarding various important matters, possibly, we suppose, concerning

our freedom and the peace of the neighborhood; but on inquiry we found that he hoped to bring about peace by inducing us to deny the faith, and we concluded that unless we fled to a distant place the persecutions might be so strong as to tempt us to recant.

Just at this time a Christian named Wang Yü-t'ing, a colporteur, who had already been captured by the Boxers under charge of poisoning the wells and had been liberated by the Boxer chief because of his fearless testimony to his faith, joined us from Tientsin. He told us that the Boxer leader had ordered him to be returned to the place whence he had been brought and kept until he could be delivered to the district judge, but that at night he had come to him secretly and during a long conversation had asked the reason for his fearless courage and the nature of his religion, whereupon he had planned his escape and requested that when the trouble was over and peace restored he would return and teach the Boxer leader about this strange way.

Mr. Wang informed us that Tientsin had been successful in overcoming the Boxers, that the church was still standing and the people alive, and we concluded to flee thither as a place of safety. We knelt and prayed that the Lord would guide us, tears streaming from our eyes, feeling that there was neither joy in life nor fear in death, and committed ourselves into his hands.

We started on the 3d of the 7th moon. The road was muddy and we were compelled to go barefoot. At Lei Chuang we boarded the train on which we traveled to Ho T'o, where we hired a small boat and on the 4th arrived at P'an Erh Chuang, within seventy li of Tientsin. As we did not dare travel the great road we went around by Pei Ts'ang and found ourselves in a camp of Chinese soldiers. We observed the position of their large guns and cavalry (which we revealed to the Allies after we arrived at Tientsin and it was of no little service to them), and as we were faint we sat down by the side of the road and drank some water and ate a melon.

We crossed the river twice, but found the road almost impassable, and rested at a small village. The people told us it would be difficult to get into Tientsin, and for a while we hesitated but decided to try, since to go back was impossible. Our feet were covered with blisters and our legs ached but we limped forward, praying all the time for grace and protection. In this condition we took advantage of a small boat that overtook us and rode to the gate of Tientsin, where we arrived about sundown. We passed through the Ying gate and hastened to the West gate, but as we could find no inn we were compelled to spend the night in a small cake shop or restaurant.

The next morning we went along the river side to the East gate, having been relieved of

our Mexican dollars by the Japanese soldiers whom we met by the way. Later we went to the South gate, where the American soldiers were quartered, and asked them to give us a pass to enter the foreign settlement. They did so, but we had no sooner entered the Concession than Wang T'ien-hsiang and Wang Yü-t'ing were taken and beaten by the French soldiers, Liu Fang being set free. He hastened on in hope of reaching the Methodist mission and finding Mr. Pyke, who would rescue his friends ; but other soldiers took him and kept him at coolie work during the entire day, though it was intensely hot, without either food or drink.

Wang T'ien-hsiang

Wang T'ien-hsiang was soon set free and went in search of Liu Fang, but not finding him he mixed in with the coolies of the Japanese and went with them through the French settlement till he came near to Wesley Chapel, where he saw Mr. Pyke and other friends, and he was not able to control himself, but tears gushed from his eyes and he thanked God for his rescue. In the evening Liu Fang and Wang Yü-t'ing were set free. Weary and faint they came to the chapel weeping tears of joy. Here we lived for a month. The hardships of the way left Liu Fang in a weak condition and he was

prostrated with fever, but the others were put to work either as laborers or in the Young Men's Christian Association, which was opened inside the city, until it was safe to return to our homes. Here we arrived a few weeks later to find all our possessions taken away, our friends having suffered as much as we, and to crown it all we were kept at the point of death for some weeks with typhoid fever. But none of these things moved us. We were glad that we could bear the cross for Christ's sake, and remembering his words, that "he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me," we renewed our determination to follow Christ.

MARTYRS

Of the Christians who were faithful unto death we have spoken at some length concerning Pastors Ch'en Ta-yung and Wang Ch'eng-p'ei, who had already been proved by years of service and were thus rewarded with a martyr's crown.

There were others, of equal faith and devotion, better prepared to battle with the new conditions now being thrust upon the Mongolian race by Western governments and peoples, both because they were of the second or third generation of Christian manhood and womanhood and because in their youth they had secured the advantages of a better education. Among these none stand out more prominently than

WANG CHIH-SHEN

He was a member of the senior class of Peking University, always in the front rank of the best students as to appearance, conduct, piety and scholarship, and ready to enter upon a life of usefulness. During a revival service, the influence of which was felt throughout the various churches and schools of Peking and vicinity, he found the fullness of blessing only a few months before he was called upon to endure persecution. A few days before the outbreak, at the close of

the college year, he went to his home, two hundred miles distant from Peking. When the storm approached he was urged by all his friends to escape, as he was a marked man, but he refused to desert his family. He was taken by the Boxers and was offered the choice of recantation or death. To make it easier for him to deny his Master it was proposed by the village elders that some of his friends be allowed to worship the idols in his stead, in which case they could secure his release. "No," said he; "I will neither burn incense to idols myself nor allow any one to do it for me; not to mention the fact that it would be denying my Lord, I should never dare to look my teachers in the face again."

He then exhorted his persecutors to personal repentance and an acceptance of Christianity. They ordered him to cease his preaching, which he refused to do, whereupon they cut off his lips to stop his exhortations. His arms and limbs were then severed from his body, which was hacked to pieces.

Not less noble was the death of

DR. WANG CHUNG-LIN

The first church established in his native village was opened in his grandfather's home by Rev. George Davis during one of his trips on the Nan Kung circuit. At that time Chung-lin was a small but clever and mischievous boy, in-

clined to have a will of his own. Both his father and grandfather were anxious that he become a scholar, and so sent him to a Chinese school. There he was under strict supervision, while at home the parental government and mandates were equally rigid, until the boy concluded he could submit to it no longer. He begged a few cash from his father daily on the pretense of buying little things, all which he saved to help pay the expense of an adventure which he proposed soon to undertake.

When all was in readiness he wrapped up his bedding—but finding this too large a bundle he left it behind—took a dollar of his father's money and turning his back upon his home started out, at the age of fourteen, to face an unsympathetic world, like many another lad before and since his time. His destination was "outside the Great Wall;" an indefinite somewhere, nowhere, anywhere, everywhere. He did what odd jobs a boy of that age can find, to fill an aching void which every uncared-for youth of fourteen constantly carries with him, with but indifferent success, until finally it dawned upon him, after two years of wandering, that his parents were anxious to see him and longing for his return.

One day as he was going along the road weary and almost starved, he met an old woman whom he greeted thus:

"Old lady, I am not a beggar, but I am very

hungry; could you not give me something to eat?"

"Go along, you lazy, worthless boy," she replied; "how dare you, a big, strong boy, ask an old woman to provide you with food?"

This made him feel quite ashamed of himself, especially as he knew he was not a beggar—though in truth he was in as dire distress as any beggar could be.

He went to an inn, but he was without money to pay for his lodging and again he found himself compelled to beg, which with the rebuke the old woman had given him led him to decide to go home.

It was some time after this when Dr. H. H. Lowry during one of his missionary tours found him at his home, poring over various Chinese medical books, and brought him to Peking. His father was an intelligent man and was made chapel keeper, while the boy was sent to school.

For some years he studied and then entered the church service as a local preacher, but his old medical tastes still clinging to him he asked to be taken as an assistant in the Dispensary. Still later he entered the Medical School, from which he graduated, and then completed his course in the Arts Department.

Before the Boxer movement had reached Peking he sent his wife and children to his father's home while he remained at his post in Peking. He did not go into the Legation, think-

ing, as did many others, that he would be safer outside. But it was not long until he was arrested by the Boxers and taken into the college campus, where all kinds of threats were made and inducements offered to lead him to recant, but all to no purpose. What happened then we learned from our water-carrier, who had gone as a cook into the Boxer camp.

One evening after they had massacred a number of Christians near the college he heard the following conversation:

"That pock-marked fellow was a brave one."*

"How was that?"

"We wanted him to recant and worship idols, and threatened that if he did not we would kill him. It was a pity to kill as fine a scholar as he was and we did not want to do it."

"What did he say? Did he refuse?"

"Yes; he grated his teeth together and said, 'We are four generations of Christians, my grandfather, my father, myself and my son, and shall I be the first to recant? Kill me if you will!'"

"What did you do? Did you kill a man of that kind?"

"Yes; we stuck a spear into him twice and threw his body under the college building."

His bones and hair, with those of several other Christians, were found among the ruins and all buried together in the college campus,

* Wang Chung-lin.

where we hope that some one who reads this will offer to erect a monument over them.

Both his father and grandfather were massacred, and only his wife and two little boys are left,—but their story is left for the future to write.

As in the early church, so in China, some of the noblest and bravest of our martyred dead were women. Among these none stand out more prominently, both because of what they resisted and of what they endured, than two of the young lady teachers in our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society Girls' School at Tsun-hua, one hundred miles east of Peking. The first of these was

HSÜ HUI-FANG

who was originally a Peking school girl. She entered when she was but four years old and studied till she was nineteen, being at that time highly esteemed by Miss Cushman because of her conduct and her ability. She was appointed as a teacher in the girls' school at Tsun-hua, where she taught eleven years. She was at the compound in Peking when the trouble arose, and many of her friends urged her not to return to Tsun-hua. She answered: "Miss Croucher has made me responsible for the girls and I must go."

She had been there but a short time when the missionaries were ordered to go to Tientsin. As

we have already seen, in Mrs. Ch'in's story, they spent the night in prayer, divided themselves into companies and fled to the homes of the Christians. These were soon looted and the girls carried off prisoners. They pleaded in vain with these robbers to set them free. Through the intercession of Rev. Liu Chi-lun, the pastor, and the interference of the official they were liberated, but as she was without a home no one dared to receive her.

One of the Christians took her to the mountains, where the Boxers followed and shot her in the face. As the wound was made by a Chinese matchlock it did not prove fatal, and being without food or drink they were forced to come down to the plain. She was once more caught and twice offered life and wealth, either as the concubine of a high official or the second wife of a wealthy farmer, but she refused to give up her religion for any inducement they could offer—and this through thirty days of trial the severity of which will probably never be known. She was finally carried off to P'ing An Ch'eng, where an attempt was made to behead her, but the headsman's sword broke in twain upon her neck and the rabble rushed in and pierced her with their spears, after which she was sliced and burned. She was "faithful unto death," and is now doubtless rejoicing in the possession of "a crown of life."

The second of these young lady teachers was

LIU WEN-LAN,

who "from the time of her birth," says my informant, "seems to have been selected by the Lord for his own work as a teacher." She was good and upright as a girl, enthusiastic as a Christian, diligent as a student, and faithful as a worker. Being afflicted with consumption she left the school in Peking, it being feared by her teachers that she could live but a short time. She rallied, however, and became a teacher in the girls' school at Tsun-hua. She daily became more prayerful, and thus won the loving respect of all the students. She exerted herself to develop the best that was in the girls, especially in the matter of Christian living; and thus all were moved by her influence or uplifted by her grace.

She, with seventeen of the girls and others, was captured by the Boxers. As they were being led to the place of execution she reminded them how the Master was persecuted, and killed, and afterwards ascended into heaven; how the disciples one after another had met death because of their faith, and she continued, "though we are not worthy to die for him we are ready and willing to do so, and will depend upon his grace to save us."

The Boxers were angered by her exhortations and threatened to kill her at once. None of their threats moved her, however, and without

a tremor she offered her head to the sword, as though by her fearlessness in death to strengthen her companions for the coming trial.

Tou Lien-ming

Coupled with the name of Wang Chih-shen among the students of the University is that of

TOU LIEN-MING

At the revival service held in Peking in 1900, not long before the close of school, he received a rich baptism of the Spirit. He was a member

of the senior preparatory class, and returned to his home near Tsun-hua well prepared for the persecutions which awaited him.

He was seized by the Boxers at his home, taken to the temple and ordered to burn incense and knock his head on the ground before the idols, both of which he refused to do.

"He is a devil of the second class," exclaimed the crowd.

"I am not a devil," he answered.

"What are you, then?"

The slender youth straightened himself up and without a sign of fear replied, "I am a Christian;" and in answer to further questions began to explain what it meant to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Kill him! Kill him!" cried the mob.

"No, no, not here; it is not proper to kill him in front of the temple; take him to the street which has been set apart for the slaughter of devils."

While they led him forth he continued to exhort them, urging them to listen to the truth, until many of those who followed the irresponsible mob felt pricked to the heart, as they afterward reported, and would have saved him if they could. It was when they were about to put him to death that he said,

"Though you can kill our bodies, you cannot kill our souls; hereafter we will live forever," and with that they hacked him to pieces.

His death had a profound influence on his fellow-students. In relating it to his teacher they spoke of it as a triumph of faith, a victory over death and the grave, and when her eyes filled with tears they gathered about her, saying, "Do not weep, do not weep for him. Think what a glory it was to die like a man, bearing witness for Christ, rather than to be killed like a dog in the street. We would all be glad if our death could be like that of Tou Lien-ming."

LI TE-JEN

"What is the matter, Te-jen?"

"Nothing," answered the boy addressed, while tears filled his eyes, "only my feet are blistered with walking."

"You are too small to go all the way to Peking; we will hire a cart and send you back home."

"I will not go back," answered the plucky lad. "I am determined to go to school."

This conversation occurred between a missionary and the smallest of a company of boys he was taking from Shan-tung to Peking, a distance of four hundred miles.

He was a little boy, the son of a little woman, slender and undersized, but the disposition manifested at this time is a fair index to his character and a criterion of his life.

His virtue consisted not in quantity but in quality, not in mass but in fineness. He was an

artist. Sunday school lessons were made interesting to hundreds of little folks by his crayon drawings during his college course. Maps and pictures illustrative of the branches he taught decorated the walls of the school in which he became a teacher after his graduation, and the pupils who came under his tuition bore, not the impress of a master mind, but the marks of a devoted Christian character. At the close of the Conference of 1900 he with his family went to visit friends at Ch'ang P'ing-chou, north of Peking. What happened when the Boxer movement reached that place we know not. One report has it that he fled to the mountains and with his wife and child was butchered in a cave where they were in hiding; while another says that he was returning to Peking in a cart and outside the An Ting gate the carter reported that he was a Christian, when he was taken by the Boxers and, with his whole family, put to death.

The persecutions reached their climax in our church at Ch'ien An, at which place there were a noble company of martyrs, less noted perhaps, because occupying a more humble position, but none the less faithful to the Lord whom they had undertaken to serve. Among these their pastor,

YANG NIEN-TSENG

stands at the head. Diligent as a student in his youth he early became a teacher of the various

native branches of learning, which were of no little assistance to him after he had embraced the Gospel. He was an enthusiastic Christian and a preacher of some ability. His son was a student in the Peking University and had just returned home on his vacation when the Boxers first took him prisoner. The villagers besought them to liberate him, offering themselves to go security for his good conduct. They did so, but the next day they arrested both him and his son, saying,

"We will not kill you both, but one of you must die to propitiate the gods and atone for the sins you have committed."

"Since I have received the greatest grace," said the father, "I should be the one to die; moreover, to lay down one's life in the service of the Master is the greatest glory that is vouchsafed to man; I gladly receive the sentence, that my son may live."

He was taken away and put to death and his body was given to his son, who had it placed in a coffin and carried back to his native town for burial. The people, however, refused to allow it to enter the village, and the Boxers came once more, took it away, and burned it in the coffin.

His wife and son are left without any means of support other than that which is usually the heritage of a Methodist preacher. Here is an excellent opportunity for someone or some

League to establish a perpetual scholarship in his memory for the education of his son.

Not less enthusiastic as a disciple was

LIU TUNG

From his youth he was a lover of learning, and when the Gospel was brought to his attention he not only accepted it but spent a large portion of his time searching the Scriptures that he might under no circumstances be without a reason for the faith which he professed. His whole family became Christians as a result of his exhortations; he was made a local preacher and spent a large portion of his time in efforts to spread the Gospel without any assistance from the church, as his family was well-to-do.

When the Boxer troubles were disturbing the country the people belonging to his own village took him prisoner, bound him and hung him to a tree, where after a night of suffering he died, committing himself to the hands of God, with prayers for his enemies upon his lips.

His wife returned to the home of her parents. After a few months she gave birth to a son, so that he is not left without an heir. Her parents urged her to give up her belief in the God of her husband, but her reply was:

"No! Though they have killed my husband I shall behold him again in the presence of the Father. If I forsake God I am without hope of

ever seeing him again. No! you may kill me, but I will never recant."

The same tree on which Liu Tung was hung bore other martyr fruit in the person of

LIU SHEN

Originally he was a Chinese doctor and was the first to accept Christianity at Ch'ien An, and it was due to his devotion and enthusiasm that many of the villagers and farmers were baptized and entered the Church. He was made a local preacher and knew no weariness in his work for Christ. He was indifferent to reviling and always answered it with exhortations. Many of those who were not believers respected him because of his patience, though there were others who, either because of their own evil nature or because they misunderstood his motives, ceased not to persecute him, and so he was taken and hanged on the same tree with Liu Tung.

Many of the onlookers were his neighbors and of his own village and expressed their disapproval by reviling the Boxers. He besought them not to revile, saying,

"If the Lord has brought this punishment upon me because I have been unfaithful in teaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus, why should you revile?"

He was taken from the tree by the Boxers and led to a temple some forty li away, there to be put to death. All the way he exhorted his

captors, but they would not listen, and when they reached the temple, and the Boxers tried to induce him to sacrifice to their gods of clay, he answered,

"Nay; do not put me to shame, put me to death at once."

Not less enthusiastic as a Christian was the chapel keeper,

LIU MING-CH'IN

He was originally a druggist by profession, but was so impressed with the doctrines of the Christian religion that he at once put away his false gods and joined the church. His interest in church work soon led the missionary in charge to employ him as a chapel keeper and the love of the church members was a constant testimony to the wisdom of his choice.

He was taken by the Boxers and led to the temple of Yü Huang, their headquarters, where he was bound to a stake. All the way to the temple and after he was bound he continued to exhort them, when, angered by his exhortations, or condemned by their own consciences, one slapped him in the face. Still he ceased not, until a brute exclaiming, "You still preach, do you?" slit his mouth from ear to ear. Even this did not silence him, and they finally cut out his tongue, smoked him with incense, and cut off his hands and feet. Even while he was dying, we are told, his face wore a look of happiness and peace, so much so as to cause the Boxers

to wonder and remark, and their only way of accounting for it was,

"He has eaten the medicine of the foreigner until he does not fear to die."

Among those of humbler station we may mention

YANG T'AI

He was a farmer. He was deeply impressed by his first knowledge of the Gospel, though his people were bitterly opposed to his joining the church and put every possible obstruction in his way. He would steal out at night and meet with the other Christians, when together they would pray that a way might be opened for him to enter the Church. Their prayers were finally answered in the conversion of his entire family, who not only favored his becoming a Christian but joined the church with him.

Before the Boxers came to his village he went to them, saying,

"It was through my influence that my family became connected with the church, now I beg of you that they all may be saved and I will lay down my life with pleasure."

After extorting a large amount of money from the family they put him to death, but let the rest go free.

As with the early Christians, the persecutions were confined to no one class or condition.

CHOU WAN-CH'UAN

was a small merchant. His whole family being Christians they were all together made prisoners. The wife of his fourth son, who was at this time twenty-four years old, had been for some time in the women's training school, and when she saw the whole family in the hands of their enemies she insisted on following them.

"You will be killed if you go," said the villagers.

"And why should I live if my husband and all my family are put to death?" she asked; and so followed her people.

When they came to the Boxer headquarters, her husband, seeing the fidelity of his wife, and being acquainted with some of the Boxer leaders, induced them to liberate him.

Having secured his own liberty he then sought to secure the release of the rest of the family. He requested that they would allow him to die in the place of his mother. This they refused, but allowed his mother to commit suicide in her own home rather than be beheaded in the presence of this motley mob of human butchers. The rest of the family were all put to death.

Many of these Chinese Christians exhibited a bravery in the presence of their enemies, a boldness in the fear of the Lord and an indifference to death worthy of their old Jewish, Roman or English predecessors. Among these was

LIU PI

a druggist, whose life had been so changed by his conversion that he was recognized by all who knew him as a true believer in the Christian's God.

He was taken prisoner by the Boxers, bound, and they were about to throw him in the fire to burn him to death.

"Why do you bind me?" he asked, "it is easy to die for the Lord," and with this he jumped into the flames, to the astonishment of the crowd, and thus perished.

We cannot but fear that our Chinese Church is human to the extent of having in it those who, like some in the early Church, so far forgot the prayer of their Lord as to seek the uncertain glory of a martyr's crown or a martyr's grave, for we are told of one

WANG HSI

who in his native village as well as the surrounding country had the reputation of possessing such strength that ten men could not hold him. When the troubles arose a local preacher named T'ang Chen-pang, in charge of the church in a neighboring village, was taken prisoner on the charge of poisoning the wells, the common accusation in all cases where they could trump up no other charge against the party. The Boxers were so numerous that none of the Christians dared enter the city. Under these

circumstances Wang Hsi entered alone for the purpose of finding some one who would go security for the imprisoned preacher. The latter, on account of his courageous defense of himself before the magistrate, was liberated, while the former allowed himself to be arrested by two Boxer children, whom he could easily have cast aside, and without being bound he put his hands behind him and "willingly went to his death." While there may be something about this case of which we have no knowledge it was the evident belief of our informant that it was an heroic deed; a thing which we would not encourage in the present stage of the Church in China.

The Boxers made strenuous efforts to induce

HOU WANG

a farmer, to deny the faith.

"If you will give up your religion," they said, "and promise henceforth not to worship the Lord Jesus, we will liberate you."

"I have believed in the Lord these many years," replied Hou Wang, "and he knows I believe in him. Can I now say I do not believe in him? You can deceive men but you cannot deceive God. No! I will not deny him."

Of like character was

CHIA FU-SHAN

originally a carpenter, but at the time of his death the keeper of a small shop for the sale of

water pails. He was one of those ardent Christians who was never absent from his place of worship. He and his wife were taken and bound. As they were being led out of the city to their execution the bystanders laughed at and made sport of them. He called out, so that all could hear,

"We, because of our belief in the Lord Jesus, go bound to our death, which is to us an honor; when you come to die I fear that your lot will be much more pitiable than ours. Do you then dare scoff at us?"

They bent their heads to the swords of their murderers without fear, leaving but one child, a little girl, to mourn the loss of her parents.

Not less pathetic is the story of

MRS. WU

and her family. She had been in the training school in Tientsin for several terms, and was thus well prepared for the work in which she was engaged, that of a Bible woman in the employ of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. When the Boxer movement arose, and her life seemed to be threatened in Tai Ch'eng, the place to which she had been sent, she returned to her home. Here she was in equal danger. She was known to be an enthusiastic Christian and was one of the first to be captured. She was taken to a temple where she was bound to a pillar and beaten across the breast, but never

uttered a cry. As she refused to sacrifice to the idols a bunch of lighted incense was held to her face till the flesh was burned off. The Boxers were greatly opposed to the women unbinding their feet; and as she had done so they first cut off her feet and hands and hung them on a tree, and as she still continued to praise the Lord it so angered them that they beheaded her and then hacked her body to pieces.

One of her sons, together with his wife, was also killed. Two other sons and her husband were first taken to the official's, where they were beaten and then put into a cage. The father died of starvation and the wounds he had received, but the sons were afterwards liberated and thus escaped death.

In this same village was a farmer named

WANG TE-WEN

who, notwithstanding he was recognized as one of the most patient men of the town, was constantly persecuted by certain worthless vagabonds because of his faith, and at this time they brought him before the official. The latter, finding nothing for which he could condemn him, returned him to the villagers. No one was willing to kill him and yet his enemies were not willing to set him free. On the suggestion of a scoundrel it was decided to bury him alive. After they had dug the grave he threw himself

into the hole, to show that he was not afraid to die, and thus they buried him.

His property was all taken from him and his wife and little son are left in a destitute condition.

As a testimony to the good character of

LIU SHU-FAN

the people of his native place came in a crowd to the head Boxer, before whom he had been brought, and requested that he be liberated, offering themselves to go security for his good conduct. The Boxer leader refused to grant their request, but offered to set his father, mother and wife at liberty instead. But they, fearing that the people would think that by thus accepting life they had renounced their faith, refused to be liberated, preferring rather to suffer with their son. When they were being executed the people wept bitterly, their wailing being heard for many li.

A clay-stove maker, by the name of

CHIANG JUI-CH'UN

and his wife were accused of being "rubbers of red and buriers of medicine," and also of being "able to ride on the clouds and the fog," and for this reason they were burned at the stake.

A restaurant keeper named

WANG CH'ING-WEN

because of his enthusiasm in his efforts to spread the knowledge of Christ was treated with scorn

and reviling by the Boxers, who as they hacked him to pieces said: "You say that hereafter you will ascend to heaven. We will send your fingers and toes there first, and after that your hands and feet, and see how you can stand pain." But in spite of their reviling and of the pain occasioned by their cruelty he neither lost his peace with God nor his patience with his persecutors.

A man by the name of

TS'AO YUNG-FU

who kept a leather shop in a village near the city, his wife, sons and daughters were all taken prisoners and carried outside the East gate of the city. They were first shot with shot guns; their clothing was then removed and wounds were made in their chests; some had their ears, noses or lips cut off; others were cut into eight or more pieces, and all were left for dead. During the night his wife became conscious, and though wounded in many places both with shot and knife, she crept to the home of relatives, where, though she will remain a lifelong cripple, she was saved. Her third and fourth sons were also saved, but her husband, with four sons and two daughters, perished. Though she has suffered so much she still teaches her two sons to trust the Lord; the oldest of them she sends to a Christian school.

JEN PANG-HSIANG

was a brilliant child and a good scholar; but, his mother dying in his youth, he was left without proper care and grew up an unfilial boy. At nineteen he was married, but neither himself nor his wife was obedient to their parents. On hearing the Gospel he was converted, and his life was so changed as to lead his father, who was a Hsiu Ts'ai, or literary graduate, to study the Bible, to see if he could discover the cause of this remarkable change in the character and conduct of his son, and in this way the father was himself converted.

The young man was taken prisoner and the neighbors urged him to burn incense to their idols, but this he steadfastly refused to do and joyfully went to the stake. His faithfulness only served to strengthen the faith of his father, who became more ardent than ever in the service of the Lord, and as a consequence he also was made a prisoner. But as most of the villagers had been his pupils, and as scholars are too rare in China to be promiscuously beheaded by an ignorant mob of superstitious ruffians, they came out *en masse* and insisted on his liberation, which the Boxers were reluctantly compelled to grant.

CHENG TIEN-FANG: THE MESSENGER'S STORY

On the 3rd of the 6th month I was requested to go to Tientsin as a messenger for those who were besieged in Peking. I was in Su Wang Fu at the time, and was first taken to see the chairman of the General Committee, who said to me:

"Are you, of your own free will, ready to go to Tientsin to take a letter?"

"Yes; I will go gladly," I answered.

"You understand that there is great danger of your being killed," he continued.

"Yes, I understand."

"I will not take any responsibility. The risk all rests with you."

"I will take the risk."

"If you bring us a letter back we will give you a thousand taels."*

"I do not go for money," I answered. "This is a piece of business money could not hire me to perform. It is an important matter and I will go as a service to the besieged, but not for money. Whether I ever return or not is in the hands of the Lord."

"Bravo!" he replied. "You are a true Chris-

* One thousand ounces of silver.

tian. To-morrow you will start, and may the Lord go with you!"

I returned to my duties, and while the rain, thunder and lightning were keeping time to the shots of the Chinese soldiers and the howling of

Cheng Tien-fang

The successful messenger to Tientsin. He received $1,000 for his service, one half of which he gave to found a scholarship in Peking University.

the Boxers without I knelt and prayed that the Lord would go with me to Tientsin. As I prayed I wept—praying and weeping again and again—and finally, with my head resting on my arms on the table, I fell asleep. When I awoke and

explained to my wife what I was about to do I found that she was bitterly opposed to my going. She wept, and begged me not to go, asking what would become of her if I were killed. But when I explained to her that I felt it was a duty I owed the Lord, and that perhaps the lives of all these people depended upon me, she submitted, promising to pray for me every day, which she was faithful to do, and her first greeting when I returned was, "My prayers are answered and you are safe!"

The following day I went to see the professor of Japanese in the Imperial College (Tung Wen Kuan) and the Minister, to get the letter which they were to write. This I sewed in the heel of my shoe and started upon my journey.

I had hardly left the defenses when a bullet whistled close to my head. I ran a few steps, being rather frightened. Just then I saw a number of people going along the street carrying bundles of things they had looted from burning buildings, and I mingled with the crowd, going north past the Temple of Imperial Ancestors, where the decaying bodies of the dead, piled one upon the other, were so offensive as to compel me to hold my nose.

When I arrived at the Tan P'ai-lo, the arch where Von Ketteler was murdered, the stores were all closed and sealed and but few persons were abroad upon the street. I went past the Kuan Yin temple to the East gate of the city,

the two sides of all the streets being lined with tents and soldiers. The gate enclosure was filled with Boxers; but as I went out with the crowd no one interfered and I was greatly comforted, and prayed that the Lord would go with me all the way.

I arrived at Tung Chou in the evening and entered a boat. Both sides of the river were lined with Boxers practicing their arts. The conversation of the boatmen was vile, and seemed like arrows entering my heart, and once more I prayed. I was worn out, and leaning against the side of the boat I slept.

The boatmen would not start, the Boxers were constantly coming on the boat to find Christians and their talk frightened me, but the Lord was with me and no one discovered my errand. On the 6th we started and after three days and nights arrived at the red bridge at Tientsin and I continued to pray. On the east bank there were innumerable Chinese soldiers and so I could not go over there. I returned to the Pei Fu bridge, where I went to a small inn. The innkeeper did not want to admit me but I begged so earnestly that he finally allowed me to stop.

On the 10th I went to the South gate, but this was so strictly guarded by Chinese soldiers that I could do nothing, and I returned to the bridge and stayed all night.

At daylight I went to the West gate, think-

ing I could get out and go to the French Settlement, but this again was guarded by Chinese soldiers, both outside and in, so I could not get through. I once more prayed, thinking to go round by Yang Lu Ch'ing, forty li by the river, and thus make my way. When I got on the boat a man told me that the day before he had gone to the Foreign Settlement but was beaten and could not get in, and I asked carelessly but particularly where the foreign soldiers were and where one could most likely get in. He said that both at the ticket office and farther north on the railroad there were numerous foreign soldiers. All of this I remembered without seeming to be interested.

At dark I arrived at Yang Lu Ch'ing, where the innkeeper refused to receive me, as had been done at other places, saying that the Boxers were hunting for Christians and would burn the inn if they found one there. I implored him as I had done the others, and as night was rapidly coming on he allowed me to remain. The next day was Sunday. I prayed all day in the inn, and with much care tried to find how I might be able to get to the Foreign Settlement, but I could secure no information and so on the 13th returned to Tientsin, stopping at the Yü Lung inn, the proprietor being a native of my village.

On the 14th I went to Ch'en Chia Kou, but found the place carefully guarded by Chinese soldiers and again returned to the inn. That

night as I lay on my brick bed I prayed that the Lord would help me to get to Tientsin. The following day I again went to Ch'en Chia Kou, where the Chinese and foreigners were fighting, the former being slain in great numbers and, piled one on top of the other, were being devoured by vultures and dogs, and as the firing continued I returned to the inn. Once more I prayed, and at daylight of the 16th I went to Ch'en Chia Kou. I walked to and fro till noon, but as the Chinese were on every hand I could not get in. The day was very hot and at noon the soldiers went into their tents to rest. Taking advantage of this opportunity I hurried to the railway, where the foreign soldiers were on guard. They shot at me twice, but the Lord was round about me and their bullets went astray. As I waved a white handkerchief they knew I was not a Boxer and they allowed me to enter.

After inquiring where I came from they sent me to the Japanese consul. He brought out a Japanese map of Peking–Tientsin on which I pointed out to him the whole situation, telling him where there were men, where none, where many, where few; all which he wrote down, saying that if I had not come they would not have understood the situation in Peking and would not have dared to do anything. He then took the letters and went to see the commanders of the Allied Forces.

On the 18th they effected an entrance to the

native city of Tientsin at the sacrifice of a great many, both soldiers and citizens. A large number of Boxers were killed and the remainder ran away. On every door a white flag was placed, and that night the people rested in peace.

On the 19th the Japanese consul wrote a letter and gave it to me to carry back to Peking, asking me to go as quickly as possible and offering me $200 in money.

"I do not want the money," I said. "I came as a duty, and not for the purpose of making money."

"What! not want money?" he inquired with surprise.

"I will take enough to pay my expenses, if you please," I replied.

He gave me $10. I sewed the letter between the lining and the outside of my shoe and left the city by the East gate through the Russian district. The Russian soldiers arrested me, and as they would not allow me to proceed I was forced to return to the consul. The following day he sent soldiers with me to the Yü Lung Tien. All my clothes were stolen from me and I was forced by the Japanese soldiers to return to the consul. I met him at the river, and when I told him all about it he sent others who conducted me to Pei Tsang. They had hardly left me when I met and was arrested by Chinese soldiers, who sought to find out whether I was a traitor, fearing, as they said, that I was a mes-

senger for the foreigners. I meekly submitted, as there was nothing else to do, and they searched all my clothes except my shoes, thanks to the protection of a good Providence.

That evening I arrived at Yang Ts'un and slept on a boat, but I was very hungry, having had nothing to eat all day. The next day I went as far as Ho Hsi Wu, where the Boxers had just killed three men.

"Where did they come from?" I inquired.

"From Tientsin," they answered.

"Why did they kill them?"

"They asked the men how matters stood in Tientsin and they said the Chinese had been defeated. This led the Boxers to suppose that they were 'devils of the second class' and they killed them."

"How did they kill them?"

"They led them to the altar to burn incense which, when they burned it, sent up a dark smoke."

When I heard this I was greatly frightened, and leaving as hurriedly as was possible, without arousing suspicion, I arrived at Tung Chou the following evening.

The Boxers here were as numerous as before but not so violent. When I arrived at the Ch'i Hua-men I had my head shaved and got something to eat, after which I entered the city. The gate enclosure was still held by the Boxers, and along the streets all the stores were closed and

the people presented a frightened appearance. I passed the Tan P'ai-lo and went up the T'ai Chü Ch'ang, where the Chinese soldiers with Imperial edicts in one hand and swords in the other prevented the people from going to Legation Street.

As it was impossible to go further I walked back and forth, when suddenly I saw a crowd of people going through the Customs place carrying fruit to the Legation. I joined the crowd and went with it to the East gate of Su Wang Fu where I saw the Japanese soldiers and told them I was the messenger returning from Tientsin with a message from their consul.

They bade me come in and I gave them the letters I had brought. A meeting of the Ministers of all the countries was called and the letters were read which told them that on the 24th the Allies would start to Peking. There were 24,000 Japanese, 2,000 English, 4,000 Russians, 1,500 Americans, 1,500 French, 300 Germans, with others soon to follow. The Ministers all wanted to see and shake hands with me, saying very many kind and comforting things, and inquiring about my adventures by the way, treating me with great respect. That night there was much singing and every one was happy praising the Lord.

Such is the account of my experiences while going in the name and under the protection of the Lord, from Peking to Tientsin and return, as a Messenger for the Besieged.

THE ADVENTURES OF YAO CHEN-YUAN

ONE OF THE FOUR SUCCESSFUL MESSENGERS TO AND FROM TIENTSIN

WHEN the letters of the various Ministers had been committed to my care I returned to Su Wang Fu saying to myself, "How shall I ever be able to take these letters to Tientsin?"

I breathed a simple prayer to God to "Give me some method by which I might reach my destination in safety."

The words had scarcely left my lips when I noticed on the wall a large straw hat, such as is commonly used by coolies in the summer time, and as it was composed of two layers of straw I wet it, ripped it apart and concealed my letters between the two sections, after which I carefully sewed it together as before, with the prayer upon my lips, "Lord, when do you wish me to start?"

When I left the Legation I crossed the bridge and climbed over a wall of barricades into Su Wang Fu, where two Japanese soldiers said to me,

"What are you doing here?"

"I am going to Tientsin with letters," I replied.

"What is your name?" inquired one of them.

When I told him he said, in a kind but warning tone,

"You must be careful or you will be killed before you are well started on your way."

He took me to a small lane at the outskirts of

Yao Chen-yuan

the barricades where he left me to go on alone, but I had not gone far when I discovered that a Boxer watchman was stationed at the other end of the street and my heart almost stood still. I had gone too far, however, to turn back, so I put on a bold front, prayed the Lord for guidance and walked boldly onward.

"Give me ten cents and I will let you pass," was all he said, the which I was quite ready to do.

My way through the East gate was without incident; but when half way to Tung Chou I overtook some three hundred of Tung Fu-hsiang's soldiers to whom I joined myself and continued on my way. The canal had overflowed its banks at the Eight Li bridge and at their suggestion we had our dinner, for which they paid, after which one of them offered to swim across with me on his back, which kindness I was glad to accept as I saw no other way of getting to the opposite side. I continued with the soldiers, stopping with them that night at a Mohammedan inn the proprietor of which was very kind to me. He refused to accept payment for my entertainment and asked me to take vows of friendship before I left.

During the night a crowd passed by led by a woman Boxer—a member of the Society of the Red Lantern—who asked me my name, my business, and where I was going. As I seemed to satisfy them with my answer they went about their business, which was the destruction of a Catholic village and the murder of the Christians.

The next morning I continued on my way, being early joined by a Boxer who invited me to dine with him, after which we separated.

That night I heard the keeper of the inn at

which I stopped say to a Boxer, "We have no Christians here," and I spent the night in peace. The following day a child warned me not to go through a certain village, saying that the Boxers were taking every one they suspected, and I saw the fire kindled at which they burned twenty Christians, while I at the same time thanked the Lord for putting it into the mind of a child to warn me, and thus save me, and perhaps the people of the Legation, from a like horrible fate.

The country was flooded. I was compelled to wade through water the depth of which I knew nothing about and I was wet and discouraged. I had just emerged from the water when a man with a gun on his shoulder called out to me in a loud voice,

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Tientsin," I answered.

"What for?"

"To find the head of a flower establishment in which I was employed before this trouble broke out."

The readiness of my answer seemed to satisfy him and he allowed me to continue on my way. [It ought to be said in Mr. Yao's defense that he had been connected with such a business, the head of which lived in Tientsin, so that his answer was not wholly fiction.]

At the next village a shoemaker informed me that the road was dangerous, being crowded

with Chinese troops; a thing which I soon found to be true by being made prisoner and having my money all taken from me. My money being all they wanted the soldiers at once set me free, and I in turn complained to the officer that I had been robbed by his troops.

"Wait," said he, "until I see who did it."

"No, no," said I, "do not let me trouble you to that extent; the day is far spent and I would like to spend the night in your camp."

"With pleasure," said he. So I spent the night in the protection of my enemies.

"Please search me," said I in the morning, "to see that I have taken nothing, and I will proceed on my way."

He returned my money, warning me not to go on the Great Road lest I fall into the hands of the foreign troops and suffer at their hands.

"I understand," said I, with a meaning which he did not comprehend, and I left.

When I came to the river I noticed a boatman and accosted him as follows:

"Will you take me to the red bridge in Tientsin?"

"We do not dare to go as far as the red bridge," he answered; "the Japanese soldiers are there and they will shoot us."

"You need not be afraid," said I, "I can protect you from the Japanese soldiers."

On hearing this he readily consented, but he put me off some distance from the bridge.

I saw the soldiers in the distance, but waved my handkerchief as a token that I was a messenger, and thus encountered no danger.

They escorted me to the Foreign Settlement and then left me to go alone, but the Russians refused to allow me to pass and I was compelled to return to the red bridge. I took one of the letters out of the hat and showed it to three Japanese officers who happened to be passing.

"Where do you come from?" they asked.

"From Peking."

"Were you not afraid of the Boxers?"

"No."

"You are a good man; wait till I give you a pass."

While he was writing, it began to rain, and they took me to their headquarters, where I saw a higher official, dined with him, and related all my adventures by the way, as well as the condition of affairs in Peking; all of which he wrote down, and then sent four of his soldiers to accompany me to the British and American consulates. When I saw the American consul I burst into tears and told him of all that the people in Peking were suffering; how the Boxers were firing on them from all sides and trying to burn them out; how each man was limited to a small cup of grain a day while at the same time they were compelled to labor like coolies, under a burning sun, in employments to which they

were not accustomed, and I urged him to send soldiers at once to relieve them.

He sent a man to take me to my room and I found among the servants one of my old acquaintances, with whom I spent a pleasant evening, and then had a good night's rest. The following day I went to the Methodist mission, where I met those who had passed through a siege similar to the one I had left. When Dr. Benn saw how sore my feet were she washed and bandaged them with her own hands.

After a rest of two days I secured the letters of the various consuls, together with others from friends of some of the besieged, and started on my return journey, depending upon the Lord for his protection. I had not gone a mile from the city when I was arrested by two foreign soldiers, robbed of all my money and taken to the tent of their officer, who when he saw my pass recognized it as that of a messenger from Peking and restored both my money and my liberty. Two miles from the city I came to a stream I was unable to cross, and found myself compelled to return and leave by way of the North gate of the city.

Seven miles from the city I fell into a nest of Boxers, the head of whom asked me,

"Where have you been?"

"To Tientsin," I replied.

"What for?"

"To see the head of the flower establishment

with which I was connected before this trouble broke out," I answered.

"How old is he?"

"Seventy-six years," I replied without hesitation.

He said no more, and I asked if I could dine with them.

After dinner I said to the head Boxer,

"I wish to go to Peking; can you tell me the safest route for me to take?"

He told me, and after wishing him good-bye I left, taking the direction he suggested. The following day, when passing a melon patch watched by Boxers, I walked up to them and asked them to give me a melon, thinking that they would be less likely to disturb me if I first addressed them.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"To Peking," I answered; "can you tell me which road it would be safest for me to take?"

They told me and, as in the former case, I followed their direction, reaching the city without further adventure other than that of avoiding several crowds of Boxers and Chinese soldiers.

Outside the East gate I ate two bowls of vermicelli, while I watched the soldiers and Boxers on top of the city wall. I went west to the Ssu P'ai Lou, thence south to the Tan P'ai Lou, where I turned west toward the British Legation.

All the way through the city I was compelled

to saunter slowly, as though I were merely looking about and not going anywhere, so that it took me from noon till evening to go from the East gate to the Legation. The soldiers in the lines between the Chinese and foreign quarters were gambling as I passed and paid no attention to me. In the Austrian Legation grounds I noticed a Chinese soldier digging as though for treasure. Walking up to him I addressed him thus:

"Hello! Captain, what are you doing?"

"What are *you* doing here?" said he, staring at me and speaking in a loud voice.

"Please do not speak so loud," said I in an undertone, as though to enter into a secret alliance with him, "I was originally a coolie in this place. My home is in the country and I have just been to see if my family were killed, and finding them safe I have returned to get some treasure I have in the Su Wang Fu."

"How much have you?" he inquired.

"About one thousand dollars."

"What is your name?" he inquired further.

"Yao Chen-yuan. What is your honorable name?"

"Wu Lien-t'ai," he replied; "now you go and get your silver and we two will open an opium shop."

"Very well," I replied.

"Have you any silver with you?" he asked.

"Only about four or five ounces."

"Well, you give that to me. Not that I want

the silver, but it will cement our friendship and I will return it to you when you come back."

"Very well," said I, giving him what silver I had.

While we were talking an officer with forty or fifty soldiers came up and wanted to have me killed.

"Do not kill him," said the soldier to whom I had been talking; "he is an old friend of mine from the country, here to make money out of the foreigners."

"If he is a friend of yours, what is his name?"

"Yao Chen-yuan," he replied.

"What is this soldier's name?" asked the officer, turning to me.

"Wu Lien-t'ai," I answered, without hesitation.

"Quite right," he said, and passed on to the Great street.

Just then a crowd of Boxers came up, and the leader asked:

"What is this fellow doing here?"

"Do not meddle with my affairs," said the soldier, "he is my friend," and with this they passed on, leaving us alone

"Now you go into Su Wang Fu," said the soldier, "and get your money; and if you cannot come out to-morrow stand behind the wall and hold your hand aloft that I may know you are safe."

"Very well," I replied, "but how am I to get in?"

"I will take you to the end of that alley, where you will be safe," he said, at which place I bade him good afternoon. In a few moments the Japanese soldiers, who had observed and recognized me, pulled me up over the wall and I was once more safe.

I was at once taken to the officer and met Mr. Squiers, to whom I delivered the letters. When he saw me ripping open the hat and taking them out, one after another, until I had given him eleven, he could not refrain from laughing.

He took me with him to the American Legation, where as we entered he held aloft the letters. The people clapped their hands and cheered and many of them wanted to talk with me, but I was led out through the Russian into the British Legation. Here I met Mr. King, who after a short conversation asked me for my hat.

"It is all ripped apart," I replied.

"I can sew it together again," he answered.

"What do you want to do with it?" I inquired.

"Take it back to America as a relic of your trip," said he.

While we were talking someone came to say that Lady MacDonald wanted to see me and hear about my trip, to whom I told it much as I have told it to you, not even concealing the deceit I was sometimes compelled to practice, in order, as I then supposed, to accomplish my ends.

THE STORY OF THE PERSECUTIONS AT TSUN-HUA.

The 14th of May, 1900, will never be forgotten by the church at Tsun-hua, for it was on that day that the schools, containing one hundred boys and girls, were closed, the missionaries received a telegram to leave the city, and the church members were advised to flee to their own homes.

When applied to for protection the official could only wring his hands and promise nothing. Eleven men were appointed to watch the compound day and night. After darkness had fallen the missionaries drove away, and we knew not whether we should ever see them again, and before morning the compound was deserted with the exception of the pastor of the church, the matron of the girls' school and a few boys and girls who had no homes to which to flee.

Two days later a child who sold sesame cakes, said to be possessed of a spirit, was dressed in a long red garment, taken to the temple and placed on the throne of the "goddess of mercy," where he pretended to be sent from heaven to save the people of the place; to accomplish this end he circulated the report that in the mission com-

pound there were nine large guns, and that if they, with the church and residences, were not all destroyed calamity was sure to befall.

The whole city was in an uproar; and from all sides as well as the surrounding country the people flocked to burn incense to the little impostor—even the city official knocked his head to him; but as the Boxers soon began to quarrel among themselves the child was pulled from the throne, and a little later, at the suggestion of Pastor Liu, the official had him arrested.

Liu Chi-lun

In order, if possible, to save the women the pastor and the doctor sent their wives with the girls' school teacher, Hsü Hui-fang, and some of the school girls to the home of a Christian outside the Great Wall. A few days later Dr. Hsü went to see how they fared and was just in time to be arrested, with them, by a large company of Boxers. Word was brought to Pastor Liu, who at once applied to the official and secured a squad of soldiers and went to their relief. In the meantime his wife and Dr. and Mrs. Hsü had escaped and fled to the mountains, where they spent the night in a cave. The girls' school teacher was the only one of the party rescued,

the girls having been forced to wife with the robbers before the arrival of the soldiers.

Thirteen days after the foreigners left the people went out *en masse* to meet a new Boxer teacher, who was said to be so powerful and skillful in the rites of the order as to be able to make a Boxer god out of a new recruit in the short space of seven days. The following day the whole city was in an uproar, and we could hear them calling out,

"Kill the followers of the foreigners and burn their churches and homes, and rid the country of everything foreign."

At this time but three caretakers, three women and a boy were in the mission compound. As the boy was leaving he met three of the school girls returning.

"What shall we do?" asked they, with tears streaming from their eyes. "Where are you going, and where can we go?"

"I am simply fleeing! I know not where to go."

"Brother, there is no one to help us; can you not think of some way to save us?"

The boy took their bundles and they started off together; wandering about until nightfall. He then led them to the home of the mission gardener, where they all remained that night, after which the girls were placed in three heathen homes. Two of them were killed and the other returned to the school after the trouble was past.

"What plans have you?" said the chief of police to Pastor Liu the following day.

"I have no plans for myself," answered Pastor Liu, "other than to die for the Lord here."

"Come, let us become lifelong brothers, and I will save you," he proposed.

"I have no objections," answered the pastor, "only I am more anxious about three of the school girls than about myself."

"I will save them, too," he answered.

This was a generous offer which Pastor Liu dared not accept, as he knew the character of such men to be too questionable to justify him in entrusting school girls to their care. He therefore made other plans for the girls.

No sooner had the people all left the compound than it was surrounded, looted and burned by the Boxers. When they returned to the city to loot and burn the city chapel the pastor fled to the north side of the city followed by a crowd of Boxers. The chief of police, true to his promise, rescued him, and sent him with several trusted men to a village north of the city where his family had already been hidden; but as they had fled to the North Mountains he followed them, and was finally sent to the home of one Mrs. Yen, a relative of the chief of police, who at great risk of her own life received both him and his family most hospitably and entertained them for a month.

When the Boxers heard where they were they

threatened to take them all prisoners, and Mrs. Yen came to the pastor in great agitation. "Come with me at once," she said, "and worship at the altar of the goddess of mercy; it is, I fear, the only way to escape their wrath."

"It is you who have entertained and cared for us," said he, "why then should I worship that idol? I would rather knock my head to you than to that mud image."

At this time Pastor Liu received the following terse note from the chief of police:

"Meet me at Ta Ho Chü village as soon as possible."

At three o'clock A. M. he started and walked to the village to meet his adopted brother.

"What is the condition of affairs in and about the city?" he asked at once. "Who of the church members have been murdered and who are safe?"

"The girls' school teacher was brutally massacred while exhorting her friends not to weep for her and to be true to their faith."

"What became of her grandmother?"

"She fled to the mountains, where it is supposed she starved to death."

"And the Tou family?"

"Tou Pin, the father, was taken to the mission compound. On the way he said he was thirsty, and asked them for a drink of water. They told him he did not need a drink as they were going to kill him in the mission premises."

"What did he say?"

"He said he never thought he should have the good fortune to die as a martyr at the place where he first heard the gospel and received baptism."

"How did they kill him?"

"They cut out his heart and took it to their headquarters, where it was put up in a conspicuous place for some days."

"And his family?"

"His third, fourth, and fifth sons, with his daughter-in-law, were all killed, as they were unwilling to renounce their faith."

"What became of the book-seller, Fu Tuan?"

"He, with Ho Ch'uan-sheng, was massacred. The Boxers offered them their lives if they would recant, and worship their gods, but all in vain. They said they would rather die than deny their Lord."

"Were there any others killed in the mission compound?"

"One day I noticed the Boxers bringing in three persons whom on inquiry I found to be Yang Fu-chin, his wife, and a Mrs. Wang. They were covered with mud, and looked tired and hungry, while the hair of each was clutched by a Boxer by whom they were led to the mission compound and there put to death."

"Can you tell me of any of the others who suffered?"

"Scarcely a day has passed that has not wit-

nessed the death of some of the boys or girls of your schools or some of your Christians."

"What about the Christians at other places?"

"I have heard that twenty-four of the Christians at Pao Tzu Yü, led by a helper, Chia, went to the top of a mountain and with nothing but a spear, a pistol and a few carrying poles resisted a company of Boxers with great bravery."

"How was that?"

"When they saw the Boxers coming they placed the women and children in the center with thirteen men around them. The Boxers attacked them with swords, spears and guns, and they would have held out longer but for the fact that the children clung to their legs and garments. It was thus the helper Chia fell; and as he fell one Chang came to his aid and thus their lines were broken. As Chang came up a Boxer made a lunge at him, but the spear went under his arm. Snatching it he thrust it through the Boxer's neck, and calling out, 'Every one for himself!' he pushed the Boxer before him through the mob and thus escaped."

"Was he injured?"

"He was struck by a volley of stones, one of which cut off his queue, which was wrapped around his head, and which thus, no doubt, saved him."

"Did none of the rest escape?"

"I understand that Chang broke his spear in two, giving half of it to his brother who had

fought his way to his side, and the two escaped."

Pastor Liu left the chief of police in heaviness at the news he had heard, but his mind was soon turned in another direction by what he learned in an adjacent village—that Mrs. Yen and his own family had been taken prisoners by the Boxers.

He hurried back and reported to the chief what he had heard. Advising him to flee to the mountains the chief returned in haste to Tsun-hua to put into operation plans for saving the family. From the mountain peak Pastor Liu could see his wife and nephews with the others driven, bound, to the city. At the same time the chief sent thirty men to the head Boxer to intercede for the prisoners. After three days they were liberated on the payment of $60, and—let the pastor tell the story:

"Mrs. Yen took my wife and child to an inn, where she kept them for some days, after which she took them to the home of the chief of police, where on the 22nd of the 7th month I saw them once more. A company of one thousand Boxers came to take us prisoners and we fled to a cave in the mountains, where for more than a month I was prostrated with fever. During this time I ceased not to pray that the Lord would take me, and not let me fall into the hands of my enemies; for while thus weak and sick I could not but feel that it would be well if I could go and

be with those of my church members who had been massacred. The chief sent a doctor to see me but we dared not let our whereabouts be known, even the doctor deeming it necessary to change his name while attending on me."

When Pastor Liu began to recover he was taken to the arsenal and remained there for a fortnight. Then news began to arrive that the Chinese had been defeated at Tientsin and Peking, and the Boxers began to disperse. He decided to go at once to Tientsin. On his way he found General Feng's soldiers fighting the Boxers, especially at P'ing An Ch'eng, the place where the most of the Christians had been taken to be put to death; altogether in that region fifty-eight Boxer villages were burned to the ground by the Chinese soldiers.

After remaining for a few weeks in Tientsin he returned to Tsun-hua. Here he found a company of English, French and Russian troops sent by the Allies to see to the settling up of the difficulties. A large proportion of the people of the city as well as of the surrounding country fled, and the official who had had charge of affairs during all these troublous times entreated him to act as middle man in the proposed settlement. This he did, and after the foreign troops had departed, at the request of the magistrate, he made out a list of the losses of the Christians, which were promptly paid by the official.

Mrs. Li and her Child

MRS. LI AND HER CHILD

Mrs. Li and her child, with five other families, were carried by the Boxers to the palace of Prince Tuan, their chief. While they were confined it was discovered that this child had recently been vaccinated and they were led to suspect that they were not Christians. After a little while the child crept out and began playing with the swords of the Boxers, which confirmed their suspicions, for, they reasoned, "If they were Christians the child would fear rather than play with the sword," and at once they were liberated and allowed to return to their home.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE

We had rather a novel experience meeting in Peking, some months after the siege, which I have no doubt will strike the reader as peculiar, even as it did the writer. It was desired to know the various trials through which the members had passed during the Boxer troubles, and in order to do so we called them together.

The place of meeting was no less novel than the meeting itself, it being a large Boxer rendezvous contiguous to the city wall, just west of the Ch'ien Men, or principal gate of the city.

We had difficulty in securing the attendance of some who were engaged in important work at a distance, but finally succeeded in bringing together a fairly representative audience. In order to add to the interest of the assembly, and make it more general, we concluded to invite those of the alumni who were within easy reach, and who had always been enthusiastic workers while in college. It will be as impossible as unnecessary to give the experiences of all, both because of their number and their similarity; but consulting the report of our stenographers we will select such as we think of interest to general readers and will best represent the experiences and character of the members as a whole.

It was decided that we should not content ourselves with listening to the rehearsal of the experiences of each individual, but that we should admit any scraps of information by others concerning the character and conduct of the one in question; for we were sure that certain modest members would suppress such facts of their past lives as would prevent our seeing the persecutions in their proper settings. We discovered therefore when the meeting was over and the minutes properly recorded, that we had obtained short biographies of most of the members.

They selected as their chairman one

CH'IN LUNG-CHANG

an alumnus who had been enthusiastic in the work of the League since its foundation.

"Tell us how you became a Christian," said one of the younger boys.

"Oh, you do not want my whole history," said the chairman.

"Yes; tell us that part of it," was echoed from several parts of the house.

Ch'in Lung-chang

"My grandfather," began the chairman, "joined the church on probation while in Tientsin, but feared to openly embrace Christianity when he returned to his native town; but as he told us about it I became interested

and joined the church, and thus became the humble instrument in the hands of God of leading father, mother, brothers and sisters into the fold. When I graduated from college I was tempted to seek official position through friends of my maternal grandfather, who had been a District Magistrate, or of my uncle, who was a Han Lin and Literary Chancellor, but was prevented from doing so by a revival service held about that time by Mr. Pyke, and, as you all know, I became the principal of the Intermediate school.

"At the beginning of the uprising I took my family home, only to find that the Boxers were on every hand. I put my wife and babies into the hands of her relatives, who were heathen, and friends of the Boxers, and with my mother, brother and sister, and some other friends, fled to the mountains. The ladies of the party were secreted in caves and ravines during the day and at night fled to other places of refuge. For a small consideration we hired a mountain shepherd to bring us food and water and keep us informed as to the Boxers' whereabouts.

"Among the party was a heathen uncle, and it became necessary to leave the women in his hands while my brother and I fled to Shan Hai Kuan, thinking that thus we might reach Mongolia or Manchuria, or perhaps Korea. As this was not feasible we returned to Pei Tai Ho, by the sea, where we fell in with certain merchants

from Chefoo who told us that the presence of foreign war-ships guaranteed peace at the latter place. Whereupon we secured passage and reached Chefoo in safety, a certain Christian teacher named Ts'ai having furnished us with the requisite silver to defray our expenses. Here we were cared for by the Presbyterian mission until we secured employment as teachers of Mandarin or the condition of the country warranted our return to Tientsin and thence to Peking."

The secretary of the meeting was a young grandfather of some fifty-one summers, weighing in the neighborhood or two hundred and fifty pounds, named

LU WAN T'IEN

During the course of the meeting it leaked out that while in Shanghai, some years ago, this young man had observed Chinese women in chairs going to church service, and supposing their object evil, and their destination the office or home of the foreigner, he conceived an intense hatred for the latter. In Tientsin he again saw crowds of men and women gathering at the foreigner's place, which increased his hatred and led him to despise the ignorant people, who were thus hoodwinked, more than the foreigners themselves.

He had been an opium smoker and a worshiper of his ancestors, and during a certain New Year's festival, having properly arranged the

sacrifices before the ancestral tablets, he had gone to call upon his friends. On his return he found that his servant had allowed a cat to upset the tablets and devour the sacrifices, and in a fit of anger he first beat and then dismissed the unprofitable servant.

"All this is the result of opium-smoking," he meditated.

"Why not give up the pipe?" asked Conscience.

"I will do it; but how?" he inquired of himself.

"Let yourself up easy with opium pills," said Appetite.

He purchased a quantity of opium pills, invented by incompetent or unprincipled physicians, who had as much care for their purse as for their patient. All of these he used in some weeks without achieving any result other than a conviction that it was the same drug in a different form.

"Why not go to the missionary hospital?" inquired one of his friends. "There, after a few days' agony, you will obtain a sure cure with but little expense and no uncertainty."

"Go to the missionary hospital? No! I would rather die than come under the influence of the Foreign Devil!" he exclaimed, remembering the things he supposed he had seen in Shanghai and Tientsin.

But marble is not more certainly worn away

by the constant dropping of water than was his prejudice by the daily urging of his friends; and he was finally persuaded to apply for admission, which was granted, and he was shut up in a prison ward. After a few days' treatment his opium appetite was permanently destroyed.

During these days the assistants tried to regale him with conversation and books, but all to no purpose. He was a literary graduate, having all the pride that—with all deference to its other virtues—Confucianism lends to its votaries, while they were only uneducated followers of the Foreigner. They gave him copies of the Gospels written in the Mandarin or spoken language; but they only aroused within him a loathing for such a display of plebeian taste. They secured a copy of Martin's *Evidences of Christianity*. This he opened with a sneer, glanced at with indifference which soon changed to surprise, then to interest, and finally to admiration.

"Ah what is this!" said he to himself; "are these foreigners also able to write books in our classical language?" and he read the book with avidity.

A year afterward he applied for baptism, after which he returned to the school he was teaching and called together his pupils, addressing them as follows:

"My pupils, I have that to say to you which may have some influence upon our future rela-

tions. I am a Christian, and I shall be glad to continue to teach you all if you so desire ; but if you do not wish to remain in school I will be frank with you and let you know that I am determined to live a Christian life hereafter."

All but four of his students left and he found himself under the necessity of seeking other employment or another school.

A short time thereafter the Peking University, when seeking a teacher, discovered and employed him, in which position he still remained when the Boxer movement broke out.

When organization became necessary to self-preservation Teacher Lu was made the chairman of the General Committee of the Chinese Forces, on the principle that the advice of an educated man who tips the scales at two hundred and fifty pounds is more valuable than his prowess when the thermometer registers one hundred in the shade. Few perhaps endured more than he did during the siege, though his sufferings were thermic and gastronomic rather than nervous, and as he kept a diary, which has since been published and has a good circulation in Japan as well as in China, he, like many others, proved himself useful in his particular line.

WANG CHIH-P'ING

was a member of the class of 1900. He had withstood the temptations of a lucrative position in secular employment and had entered the min-

istry on a salary one fifth of what he had been offered elsewhere.

"I had been preaching one year," he says, "and on May 10th I returned to Peking for the double purpose of attending the annual conference and being married, the latter event coming off on May 23rd, and the conference began a week later.

"Our intention was to return to our work as soon as the conference adjourned; but we soon discovered that the railroad had been torn up and all traffic had ceased. Those who had come alone went away in carts; but as my appointment was two weeks' distance from Peking by mule-cart, it did not seem wise to start on such a trip through Boxer regions with a newly married wife, as they would easily discover that we were Christians. I therefore remained in Peking.

Wang Chih-p'ing

"During the siege I was made one of the messenger boys. At first, I confess I was very much afraid of the whistling bullets and shrieking shells, but after a few days they did not disturb me. My own greatest suffering, I think, was caused by hunger, as we were allowed but nine ounces of flour apiece.

"As it was impossible for us to go to our ap-

pointments at the close of the siege because of the disturbed condition of the country, I was employed by one of the military officers as an interpreter, which position I retained till the country resumed its normal condition.

"While I was working in the police station of the American district, the Chinese of that region offered to take up a subscription which they intended to present to me, no doubt, as a bribe, but as I refused it they presented me with an honorary scroll instead."

It ought to be remarked that it leaked out in conversation with others during the meeting, that the subscription mentioned by Mr. Wang would have amounted to several hundred ounces of silver, and that as soon as the country became settled, he gave up his position and salary of $100 per month and went to his appointment on his small salary leaving his young wife in Peking.

LIU KUANG-CH'ING

graduated from the Peking University with the class of '98. It was a strong class, and he was the best English speaker, and as a consequence tempting offers of five times what the church could pay for his services were made to him without eliciting even so much as his consideration.

Entering the conference as a Methodist minister he was appointed to a circuit outside the Great Wall beyond Shan Hai Kuan, where his

work during his first year will be best understood from the following narrative of "A Missionary Trip" by Miss Alice Terrell, made at the close of her summer vacation in 1899, and printed in the *World-Wide Missions* of January, 1900:

Liu Kuang-ch'ing

"A recent trip into the country was a source of deep satisfaction to me, showing as it did the result of Christian education as a preparation for our preachers for the spreading of the Gospel here in China. Most of our preachers at this stage of our work are necessarily men who have not been educated in Christian schools, but in advanced manhood have taken a course in our Bible training schools; and while, for the most part, they are earnest workers, Christianity has not been bred in the bone, and they can only give what they have received. Now there is coming on a new class of preachers, young men from Peking University, who have been trained from childhood in our schools, have lived in a Christian atmosphere, and have had careful, prayerful, personal atten-

Liu Fang

tion through the years. Their preaching marks a new era in the evangelization of China, and is the promise of the coming of the kingdom here.

"I had long wished to visit some of their work, but my connection with the university had up to this time prevented. This year I had the opportunity, and on Sept. 9 I landed in Shan Hai Kuan, the point where the great wall of China, creeping over the mountains, finally buries its head in the sea. As I stepped from the train a young man sprang through the crowd and gave me a quick, warm welcome. This was Tseng Kuo-chih, or, as he is known to his patron in America, Peter Durst. He is one of our graduates of the class of 1895, and is the preacher in charge at this point. Earnest, eager for souls, he not only performs his duties as pastor of the church, but has also organized and has charge of a Young Men's Christian Association of telegraph students, among whom he is doing a noble work. To one who knows the fearful temptations to which Western progress exposes the young men of China, the knowledge of the work done among these young men by young Durst brings a thrill of deep gratitude, and we give sincere thanks that he has seen this open door and entered it. These young men show their appreciation of his services by furnishing his support. I wish I could tarry longer and let you see more of his life, his simple home, so neat and clean, his bride, a sweet, modest girl from

our Girls' School; but after one night with them and the presiding elder, Tê Mu-shih, whose lovely daughter lay dying of that fell disease of China, consumption, I was obliged to push on to my second point, Shih Men Chai, a distance of fifteen miles over the mountains. This journey was to be taken on donkeys, but as there are none in Shan Hai Kuan, we waited till they came in with coal, and one of the beasts which brought the fuel carried me back. What was my consternation, when it appeared, to find no pack, but a wooden frame fitted over the animal's back, and no stirrups. A comforter folded up and placed over this wooden arrangement soon served as pack, and ropes strung on the sides did duty as stirrups. In this way, escorted by my boy and a man carrying on a pole necessary clothing and my bedding, without which one cannot pass the night in China, I set out. We passed over low mountains, forded a river, with its wide bed of cobblestones, saw the mountains lift their lofty heads on every side, hid under the trees while a sudden shower poured down its torrents, then pushed on eagerly to avoid the rain which now threatened to envelop us; and, sitting astride my pack, which had now grown hard and wooden, to save precious time eating my lunch of crackers and Chinese apples as we journeyed. The rocky road was slippery; twice my donkey fell. Once I sprang and saved myself, but later, grown stiff by travel, we both fell

in a heap, whereupon my boy, with a terrified exclamation, jumped to the rescue, helping me with one hand and raining blows on the unfortunate donkey driver with the other. Receiving an all-too-gentle reproof, he replied shamefacedly: 'It could not be helped. I told him to lead the donkey. He did not mind me; did he?'

"At different times I asked the distance. 'Twenty li more;' later, 'Twenty-five li;' long after, 'Only three li;' then again, 'O, all of seven li.' Whereupon my boy interfered. 'Don't ask him again; he only tells lies.' But it may have been the curves in the road. At last the walls of Shih Men Chai arose before our eyes, and presently passing through the city we were at the door of our chapel. The pastor and the young student who assisted him for the summer were both away at a wedding feast, for, as is to be expected in China, my letter had not reached him, and I was not looked for; but his wife and three young children were not lacking in hospitality, and she and I were glad for a few minutes together after a separation of nearly a year and a half. The pastor here is Liu Kuang-ch'ing, a young man only twenty-three years of age, of the class of 1898. I will not attempt to describe him, but rather let his work speak for him. The women of the neighborhood at once filled my room, for a foreign woman is a rare sight indeed; but several Christian women came in, too, with warm greetings and the word that for

weeks they had been expecting their pastor's teacher. Mrs. Liu had sent for her husband, and in less than an hour he and the young man mentioned came in, breathless with the race, and with the perspiration pouring from their faces. It was a glad reception I received on my first visit to the field of labor of a very dearly loved pupil. After greetings had been exchanged a beautiful expression came over Mr. Liu's face as he said, 'God has answered my prayer, and you are here.'

"It was the truest welcome I ever received. Many a man would have taken my coming as a personal visit to himself and family; not so Mr. Liu. His one thought was for the good of the work, and my visit was to be made a means to that end; so the doors were thrown open and the women invited in. I arrived on Saturday; the few remaining hours till the evening meal were spent in seeing the church members, both men and women. After our supper (on this trip I adapted myself to Chinese custom and ate two meals a day) Kuang-ch'ing and Tsai-hsin went to the chapel and, with the chapel keeper, began to sing. Soon the swell of voices showed an increase in the number, until within half an hour a full chorus told the story of a full house. In a few minutes the young men returned, and the singing still continued. As they came in, both with bright, eager faces, I looked up and said, 'Well?' and Tsai-hsin responded, 'O, Kuang-

ch'ing has a piece of business in his heart.' 'What is it?' 'We want to pray together for our meeting to-night.' So together we knelt, and God's Holy Spirit came down as those earnest young voices pleaded for God's blessing on the people, some of whom understood so little of what the new life meant. As my own prayer went up for a special blessing upon this earnest young pastor for that night I heard his sobs, and as we stood again he was not ashamed of the tears which he wiped away.

"Can I ever forget that meeting led by those two young men fresh from their knees? The Spirit was there, and the people felt it, as the reverent attention and short, earnest prayers testified.

"Sunday morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the women came crowding in, till not only my kang, or brick bed, was full, but every available corner was crowded. I talked for a while with the women, they sang a few hymns, and it was time for Sunday school. Mr. Liu has a circuit of three stations, with a membership of over five hundred, and at all of these three points he has recently established Sunday schools—the only Sunday schools in the district. After the Sunday school came the preaching service, and in the evening the usual service; but in between I heard many words of quiet exhortation to one and another of the members. One very zealous old man, who had no heirs, had made over his

houses and land to the church, and was a devout and constant attendant upon the divine service. Not so his wife, a worldly-minded, shrewd old Christian, whose superior ability had been largely the means of collecting all this property. She preferred to stay by the stuff, and no persuading could move her to leave her home to be ravaged by servants or thieves while she worshiped the Lord in his temple. Mr. Liu thought my visit an opportunity to get her out of the rut, and suggested to her husband that he bring her to spend Monday with me. The temptation to meet a foreign woman, to inquire of all the strange doings of our far-away country, and to see a wardrobe only five years out from America were too much for the old lady, and she came. Mr. Liu and his wife received her most kindly, gave her tea, and let her rest on my kang and satisfy her curiosity; and then our young brother came in, and most respectfully and gently led up to her soul's welfare. I never heard anything more tender or more searching than his plea. As she responded his eyes would be closed in prayer, and then with glowing, wistful eyes he would renew the charge. I was moved to tears, and felt that I was in the very presence of the Master. As I listened I was at last led to say a few words, and as I took her hand and began the young evangelist at once sat down by the table and bowed his head on his hand, while Tsai-hsin, in the corner, prayed silently. The

old man added his word and said, 'You go to Tientsin and study and learn to understand this teaching, and thus you can help me, who am so stupid.'

"I think the worldly old heart caught a glimpse of what all this meant, for she seemed touched at last, and said, 'I will think about it, and I will come to church; I promise.'

"Tuesday we started for Huang Tu Ying, Mr. Liu's second charge, and the place of the original church on that circuit. The journey of seven miles was most picturesque, and was accomplished partly on foot and partly on donkeys.

"As we reached the village, which is set on a hillside, we passed up the pretty, narrow, stone-paved streets, with their trellises of squash vines before the doors telling nothing of the story of poverty and wretchedness within.

"When we reached the chapel it seemed to me that the whole community had gathered, but it proved to be only the church members, who were expecting us. I spent two days at this place, seeing and hearing more and more of Mr. Liu's earnest, self-forgetful work and its results. He never in any way seemed to think of himself.

"It was here that one of our students lived, a boy who expects to preach, but whose wife has no education to speak of—one of those unfortunate early marriages, made when the family was still heathen, between a boy of eleven and a

girl of thirteen. Here again our young preacher had exerted his influence, and the wife and mother were both coming to Mrs. Gamewell's training school for a three years' course. It was touching to see this old woman, with her shrewd old face working with emotion, as she said: 'O yes, I am going, and my daughter-in-law is going, and I am so glad to go. I did not think of it at first, but our pastor talked to me, and now I know that I must help my son's wife to be a helpmeet in his life's work; and as to myself, I am over sixty years old, and I want to do a little for my people before I die. I don't want to go to the Lord empty-handed.' And so this old woman is leaving her little home, which she, by gathering fagots, selling cloth, working in the fields, doing anything and everything by day and sitting sometimes all night at her loom, has earned, to begin to study books in which she is now able to recognize not more than half a dozen characters. I call it true heroism. Many a man on the district is hampered by an uneducated wife, who pulls down as fast as he builds up, and so we greatly rejoice at this decision, cost what it may, of loving sacrifice.

"I returned, after ten wonderful days, exalted in spirit, comforted in heart, filled with great joy, because of what I had seen of the Lord's great power to use consecrated, educated young men in China."

Some of the most interesting features of

Kuang-ch'ing's work as exhibiting other phases of his character were his devotion to his people and his constancy in prayer. As Miss Terrell was about to leave he inquired,

"Can you stand a bad smell?"

"I think so," she answered, feeling that such a question was unnecessary to one who had spent five years in Peking. "Why do you ask?"

"I thought I would show you my curios," said he, opening a door and exhibiting a cupboard full of old pipes and wine-cups he had induced his members to give up, in his Temperance work.

During the year in question he had seventy-five baptisms and one hundred and twenty united with the church on probation.

During the Boxer troubles he was stationed on the Shih Men Chai circuit, on which are two other chapels, Chu Ts'ao Ying and Huang T'u Ying, and, while the district suffered less than in many other places, there was no little plundering by the yamen runners as well as by the common rural robbers.

During the first ten days of the fifth month, the time when the Tientsin–Peking railroad was being torn up, there were Boxer rumors and they began to practice their gymnastics, but though two large altars had been established in Shan Hai Kuan there was none at Shih Men Chai. The pastor at Chu Ts'ao Ying supposed that, if the Boxers came at all, they would start from Shan

Hai Kuan, come to our place and thence to his place; but on the 24th of the fifth month he was attacked, captured, kicked, beaten and dragged to the robbers' home, where he was forced to knock his head to their idols and burn incense to their ancestral tablets, they threatening to behead him in case he refused. After this they returned to the chapel, smashed the doors and windows and the tablet on which the name of the chapel was inscribed, and set the pastor free.

"When we heard of this uprising," said Mr. Liu, "I could not believe it, and I sent a messenger to see if the report was true. It was not long till we had more convincing proof than that brought by our messenger, for that same evening in an incredibly short time several hundred people surrounded our chapel and broke in pieces the tablet on which 'Jesus' was inscribed. Several of the Peking students were with me at the time, and as we were not a match for such a crowd we fled from the back door and thus escaped with our lives. The members of the Catholic church united with our own, and as they were armed they fired a few shots into the crowd, which soon dispersed. From this time the Boxers, yamen runners and robbers plundered the Christians at will, and it is impossible for either tongue or pen to describe what the members suffered during those awful days.

"A dozen or more of the Christians stayed

with me at the chapel and acted as a guard, but on the 2nd of the sixth month I went to Shan Hai Kuan to consult with Te Jui, our presiding elder, as to what was best to be done, and he suggested that the chapels be turned over to the official for protection. Just then the persecutions began at Shan Hai Kuan and it became necessary for us all to flee, as many of the Christians had already done. On the evening of that same day, in company with Chang Chan-ao (Peter Durst, Jr.), I fled to a place in the mountains called Shan C'ha, distant fourteen miles from the church I served.

"As I had sent my family away on the 23rd of the fifth month they escaped the outbreak of the 24th, for which I was very thankful. Ten days later soldiers came from Shan Hai Kuan and captured some twenty of the Christians, whom they bound and took to an inn and poured boiling water on their heads, saying: "This is the way we will baptize you," after which they beat them with clubs, their object being extortion rather than murder, and from this time on there was constant persecution.

"The following day ten soldiers came to our hiding-place in the mountains to capture and take us to Shan Hai Kuan, to deliver us to the Boxers; but the people interfered in our behalf, and by giving $16 we were allowed to go free. Hoodlums all over the country were engaged in persecution for the sake of pelf and the Chris-

tians fled in every direction, dwelling among the rocks and caves of the mountains exactly as was predicted in the Scriptures.

"Ten days later Boxers came a second time from Shan Hai Kuan and with the local members of their society razed our chaped to the ground. The following day they went to Chu Ts'ao Ying, captured and killed one, Chiang Ch'ün, and hung his head on the chapel door for ten days, after which they went to the homes of the Christians and robbed them of all they possessed. This was likewise done at Huang T'u Ying, the third place on the district, being the worst persecution our Christians endured.

"There was a Boxer headquarters at I Yuan K'ou led by one Liu Ping-ch'ang, who instigated the people to persecute and kill all the Christians they could find both inside and outside the Great Wall. When the official at Shan Hai Kuan heard that the Chinese had been defeated at Tientsin by the foreigners he sent a company of cavalry to tear down the house of this Boxer leader, taking prisoner all those he taught.

"Thereafter it gradually became quiet and the Christians returned to their desolated homes. As soon as it seemed safe to do so I moved my family to Lan Chou where I lived with the Presiding Elder of that district, in the chapel, until all danger was past. It was as if I had awakened from a dream."

THE CH'EN BROTHERS

In the story of Ch'en Ta-yung we have incidentally referred to his sons, the third and fourth of whom have graduated from the Peking University.

Ch'en Wei-p'ing

A few years ago a Christian gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chain, while taking a trip around the world came from Tientsin to Peking in company with Mr. Ch'en's third son, Ch'en Wei-p'ing, who acted as interpreter for them "up the river." They were so impressed with his honesty and his frankness, in not telling them "the things he did not know," that before leaving the city they made a trip of four miles through the dust of Peking to bid him good-bye; in other words, they took an interest in him.

It was this incident that made Wei-p'ing. Up to this time he had always seemed to feel that because he was undersized, and without a particularly pleasing personality, he could amount to nothing. But now some persons had shown that they cared for him, and his spine stiffened

and he went about with his face turned toward heaven rather than toward earth. He seemed to have grown a few inches, and all Nature seemed to him to smile where formerly she had frowned; he had discovered himself.

When he graduated, in addition to other temptations to go into business, there was offered him a position in Shanghai which would bring him forty dollars per month. This he at once refused, accepting a pastorate outside the Great Wall with a salary of two dollars and seventy-five cents per month; the place where his parents and his brother and sister were afterwards put to death. The nobility of his conduct at that time has already been referred to.

Ch'en Wei-ch'eng

We ought to mention that this may have been the last good work of Mr. and Mrs. Chain, as they were on the fated "Bokhara" and were lost before leaving Chinese waters.

The fourth son of Mr. Ch'en was Ch'en Wei-ch'eng, who graduated the next year after his brother. He at once passed the examinations for entrance to the Chinese Imperial Customs Service, where his salary would be twenty-five ounces of silver a month. He had hardly received the intelligence that he was accepted by

the Customs Service when he voluntarily gave up that position and accepted a position as teacher of English, in his *alma mater* on a salary of five ounces of silver a month, with no hope of ever getting more than ten.

He had just begun his work when the secretary of Li Hung-chang asked him to teach the grandsons of the latter two hours a day, offering him thirty-five ounces of silver a month if he would do so. This he consented to do on condition that it did not interfere with his other work in the university and that he be not required to teach on the Sabbath; and when he received his thirty-five ounces of silver he put it into the treasury of the university for the education of another boy.

During and after the siege both of these young men acted as interpreters on salaries of from fifty to one hundred dollars per month, which they voluntarily relinquished as soon as it was possible for them to resume their work in church or school; and Wei-ch'eng has in 1902 visited Sweden, sent by the Young Men's Christian Association to attend their conference, after which he passed through the United States on his return to his work here.

PASTORS AND TEACHERS

LIU MA-K'E

Liu Ma-k'e, or Mark, as we have always called him, married upon graduation a sister of Wang Ch'eng-p'ei, who as long as she lived acted as a ballast to his uncertain barque. His first temptation was to go into business where the remuneration was ten times what we could offer him in the church, but after days of half-yielding uncertainty and a night of prayer with Sarah, his wife, he came off victor and announced himself as ready to preach the Gospel. This may seem a small matter to the reader unless he asks himself, "If I had five thousand dollars a year within my reach would I be willing to preach the Gospel for five hundred dollars?"

Liu Ma-k'e

That was the question which came to Mark, and his answer was, "I will."

Mark had ability and he knew it; and after preaching for three years he voluntarily gave up his small salary, preached for nothing, taught English in official families for a living, and during his first year gave ten ounces of silver to-

ward the building of a street chapel, ten ounces more toward the building of a dispensary in connection with the church of which he was pastor, and collected almost enough from his official non-Christian friends to complete the building of the dispensary.

He had served this appointment five years and was at the pinnacle of his popularity when he had to be removed, according to the time limit, from the place where he could preach for nothing and at the same time influence official families in which he taught. This promised to be the last straw, but the camel's back did not break, and Mark submitted to being removed and being placed in the most difficult charge of our North China work, the west of Tientsin, and he was there when the Boxer outbreak occurred, ready to make himself useful as a leader of the Chinese in the siege of Tientsin and, later, in the settlement of the difficulties; for none of our young men handles a Chinese official with more ease than Mark.

Liu Ming-ch'uan

LIU MING-CH'UAN

When Liu Ming-ch'uan graduated from the Peking University he was allowed to paste the

names of the students upon the bulletin board outside the front gate—a privilege which is granted only to those who are leaders in their class.

He at once went to the United States, entered De Pauw University, where he graduated from the Theological School, and was offered one thousand dollars a year if he would remain in America as an interpreter and assistant translator. This he refused, and returning to China he began preaching on a salary of eighty-four dollars a year, out of which he gave enough to support a student as he had been supported.

T'IEN SHU-NIEN

T'ien Shu-nien was the best English speaker of his class. One of the Censors and an official who afterwards took an active part in protecting foreigners from the Boxers, being interested in him, lent him enough money, without security, to put him through the Arts course of the Ohio Wesleyan University, after which he returned and took a position as teacher of English in his *alma mater*.

When the Boxer movement began he, Liu Ming-ch'uan and others were made the leaders of gangs of workmen in the British Legation fortifications, and did excellent service. After they were relieved he acted as an interpreter in the American Forces for a living, and, though deeply in debt, has given two years of excellent service, free of charge, as teacher in Peking University.

CH'EN HENG-TE

The following testimony to the services of a native preacher from high officials stands unique, perhaps, among the annals of China. It was sent, as the petition indicates, by the official of Lao-t'ing to His Excellency Li Hung-chang. The latter turned it over to the American Legation, requesting that it be sent to Bishop Moore, and that, if possible, he accede to the wishes of the District Magistrate and the people of Lao-t'ing. The following is a translation of the document as it came to the mission:

Petition of Wan Ho-yin, District Magistrate of Lao-t'ing, in the matter of the American Methodist Episcopal Missionary, Ch'en Heng-te.

Wan Ho-yin, District Magistrate of Lao-t'ing, respectfully presents this petition to H. E. Li, Grand Tutor of the Heir Apparent, Grand Secretary, Earl, etc., etc.

Your petitioner humbly represents that certain of the gentry and people of his unworthy district, among them the Senior Secretary of the Board of Revenue, Ts'ui Ping-wen, and the Secretary of the Grand Secretariat, Liu Chu, and others, joined in a petition, saying that the American Methodist Episcopal Mission had been established many years in Lao-t'ing and that the Missionary, Ch'en Heng-te, for some time previous had propagated the religion, making it his special work to exhort men to do right, that in all his intercourse with the people there was nothing that was not

in accordance with friendly relations, that on any occasion when the Church and people were at cross purposes the matter was always settled justly, that on this account all were pleased to serve him, that the number of those turning to righteousness was daily increasing and that the Christians and people were having no trouble in their relations with each other; that not only those who entered the Church were greatly indebted to his practical virtue, but among the stupid villagers there was not one who did not put hand to forehead in respect for the Rev. Mr. Ch'en's virtues; that they had now heard that Rev. Mr. Ch'en had been promoted to a post in Shan-tung, and that, while they ought to rejoice that he was held in such esteem as to be thus selected for employment, the people of the town nevertheless, yielding to their private feeling of affection, were loth to hear of his leaving them, and that they therefore petitioned me on their behalf to address Your Excellency, stating the circumstances and begging that he might be retained, which would secure good feeling between the people and the Christians of Lao-t'ing, and be of great benefit to the place; that the people of the city as one man really desire this, etc.

On receiving the above, your petitioner made inquiries and learned that the said missionary, Ch'en Heng-te, had for many years preached his religion in Lao-t'ing, and was thoroughly conversant with the circumstances of the place, that whenever there had been any trouble between the Church and people there never had been any other than a just settlement, that all had considered that each should attend to his own business and all dwell together in harmony, and that

therefore there were none in this unworthy district who did not trust and respect him. We have recently heard that in other places the Christians have relied upon their connection with the Church to practice extortion, but the Christians of this District have done nothing of this sort. It cannot be but that it is due to the said missionary's great merit in exerting himself to admonish and lead. Now, according to the statements of the said gentry and others, since the aforesaid missionary has been promoted to a post in Shan-tung, they have united in a petition urging his retention.

To determine whether this is possible or not your petitioner begs Your Excellency to write and consult with the Bishop of the American Church, requesting him to order the missionary to postpone his going to Shan-tung and remain for the present in Lao-t'ing, which will be for the real benefit of the people and the Church.

Duty requires your petitioner to submit this request, with a statement of the circumstances, to Your Excellency, and to beg that Your Excellency will give the matter consideration and issue instructions, that he may respectfully obey the same. This will certainly be just and expedient.

In presenting this respectful petition, petitioner desires to express his good wishes for Your Excellency's prosperity and begs that Your Excellency will cast a favorable glance upon this humble petition of the unworthy Magistrate, Ho-yin. (That is, of himself.)

THE END

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